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PRICE, \$1 50 PER YEAR

NUMBER 43

NOTES BY THE WAY

Mr. McKay, in 1876, if we remember rightly, purchased from Messrs. Avery & Murphy, the bull Wild Eyes 25167, when yearling. This bull was by Beau of Oxford 4568, bred by Samuel Thorne, of New York, and by Duke of Geneva 3858, sire of 2d Belle of Oxford (Vol. 6, by Duke of Gloster (11382), and running back to Oxford 5th, by Duke of Northumberland (1940), and the celebrated Matchem cow, by Matchem (381). The dam of Wild Eyes was Lady Worcester (Vol. 12); by 3d Duke of Claro (28729), producing directly to Wild Eyes 9th by Duke of Northumberland (1940), Wild Eyes 3d, by Belvedere (1706) and Wild from by Emperor (1975). This bull has made a history. He was bred by L. G. Morris, of Mc. Fordham, N. Y., and was sold when the Fordham herd was purchased by Messrs. Avery & Murphy. Owing to his white color, and despite his large proportions, quality and high breeding, he remained undisposed of for some time. During a visit to the herd by the late R. F. Johnstone, he saw the bull and appreciated his great merit, and Mr. McKay finally secured him at a bargain, wholly on account of his color. He grew to a large rangy animal, weighing about 400 lbs in fair flesh, with a fine massive head, broad flat horn, and a back, neck and hindquarter equal to the finest specimens of the great beef breed. His sale upon the herd of Mr. McKay has proved to be of the greatest benefit. He never had but two white calves, one a red blood and the other a grade, although he has been bred to cows of all colors. Invariably his calves are red, red and white or roan, and not one even a light one. He has bred back to the colors of his progenitors in every case but these.

He is now nine years past, and

THE ROCHESTER FAIR.

TALENT ON THE FARM.

A primrose by the river's brim.
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more."

Stock Notes.

PENCIL SKETCHES BY THE WAY.

W. C. Botsford has 240 acres of splendid rich soil in his farm, upon which he has lived 28 years, and when the new house in contemplation is erected we have promised to beat the "warming." The farm is finely situated and it pleases us well to have such men as Mr. Botsford so nicely fixed with such a place for his home. In stock we find one pair of grade Percherons three years old, one pair two years old, and one colt, all good. The stock ram at the head of his flock was bred by James W. Besley, is labeled with his name and No. 3, was sired by H. W. Jones 111 Vermont register, and R. B. Caruss No. 20 ewe for dam—pure Rich stock. The grade sheep are good ones, regular breeders and good shearers, both desirable features. At this point of our visit he tells us he will put in 80 acres of wheat this fall, and we tell him less cropping and a herd of thoroughbred cattle will pay better. Here he calls up from pastures fresh and green the three year old Shorthorn, Belle of Clinton 1st, bred by C. W. Lyon, got by Lewis out of Bell by Duke Balder 1814, uacing to imp.

(Continued on eighth page.)

(Continued on eighth page.)

Horse Matters.

Tennessee Pacing Horses.

Each year finds the pacing horse growing in popularity. It has not been more than half a dozen years since he was comparatively unknown on the turf, and unsought for outside the rural districts; to-day he stands without an equal in speed in single harness, is the pet and pride of millions, and under the guidance of his wealthy owners measures strides with the fastest trotters in the world, over the fashionable drives of all the principal cities of this country. Less than a dozen years ago not a thousand dollars in money was offered in purses for pacers by all the associations in this country combined; this year more than \$50,000 will be given in purses for pacers alone.

Our farmers and stock breeders are in a better position to take advantage of this rapidly increasing demand, and are benefited thereby, than the people of any other State. For more than fifty years Tennessee has been noted for the speed of her pacers, and to-day, probably, has more undeveloped fast ones in the counties of Robertson, Marshall, Giles, Williamson, and Maury than can be found in any one State outside of her borders. Most every one engaged in breeding horses confine themselves to either the trotter or the runner. There is a bonanza for some one who will select good pacing mares and breed them to a tried stallion of the same family. The "side-wheelers" are coming, and it is only a question of a short time before they will divide even honors with trotters on the turf.—*Spirit of the Times.*

Horse Gossip.

MOLLIE MIDDLETON, a daughter of Bay Middleton, has started in 37 races this season, and won 23 of them. She is owned at Grand Rapids.

DR. W. A. GIBSON, Jackson, Mich., has sold to D. A. Curtis, Addison, Mich., the filly Miss Shalby, two years old, bred by Fremont, dam Maggie Shalby, by McKay's Admirable Prince, \$300.

A MEETING of the breeders of trotting horses in Michigan has been called at Jackson, Oct. 23, for the purpose of organizing a State Association. The call for the meeting is signed by the principal breeders in the State.

WALTER JONES, by Conklin's Star, dam Fashion by Long Island Black Hawk, died at Glenview Stables, Cleveland, recently, of congestion of the lungs. He was owned by Mr. D. G. Sutherland, of East Saginaw, at the time of his death.

MAUD S. made an attempt to lower her record on Tuesday last at Hartford, Conn., but without success. The wind was quite strong, while the track and mare were in excellent condition. She was not able to get below 2:12½. She will be taken to Lexington Park for a final trial.

BULLDOZER, a pacer with a record of 2:21½, has been purchased by W. H. McCarthy from B. B. Kenney, of Lexington, Ky. While 2:21 is his best record, he was close up in the 2:22 race at the recent Chicago meeting when the time was 2:16½. This is the first season he has appeared on the turf, and McCarthy predicts great things of him.

DAMEN your dry hay. It is well known that the leaves of well cured hay crumble into dust, and more rapidly so as the season advances. No kind of hay is totally exempt from dust, and this trouble is best avoided by moistening all the feed which is allowed. Horses in harness, frequent coughing, and difficulty of breathing may be traced to dust in all cases; and if the cutter is used as it should be, with the feed well moistened and salted, the stock will keep in better condition.

DILLON BROS., of Normal, Ill., have attended five fairs this season with their Norman horses, and were awarded 54 premiums; 45 first and nine second, seven of which were sweepstakes premiums. The class of fairs they have attended has brought them in competition with the best stock in the United States, and the large number of premiums they have taken speaks volumes for their stock. Horses that can carry away the prizes from the Illinois and Indiana State Fairs, and the St. Louis Fair, can complete successfully at any fair in the world. Dillon Brothers will have a number of their Norman horses on exhibition at the Fat Stock Show in Chicago in November and from there they will go to the World's Fair in New Orleans, where they will exhibit a number of their finest stallions and mares.

HORSES LYING DOWN.—Reynold, in his notes on draft horses, says on this point: "To a hard-working horse, repose is almost as much a necessity as good food; but tired though he may be, he is often very shy to lie down, even when a clean bed has been provided for him. Unless a horse lies down regularly, his rest is never complete, and his joints and sinews stiffen; and while it is true that some horses that sleep in a standing position continue to work for many years, it is equally true that they would wear much longer, and perform their work much better, if they rested naturally. Young, nervous horses not unfrequently refuse to lie down when first made to occupy a stall, and, when introduced into a town stable, the habit may become confirmed, unless inducements are offered to overcome the disinclination."

THE AMERICAN TROTTER IN AUSTRALIA.—Miller's Sporting Pamphlet thus refers to the introduction of American trotters into Australia: "To the gentleman, grader or farmer, with his one or two fairly-bred hackney or buggy nags, from what other stallions come to get such certain results of improved reproduction as from the beautiful American horses, with the substance, courage, gentleness and docility so truly characteristic of them, and whose services are to be had for half the price of the racing stallion? There is no doubt but that owners of thoroughbred feel is a great intrusion, and it may possibly upset some of their pet theories—the introduction of this American horse—hence we account for a considerable amount of the opposition against him, but he is here and can hold his own, and must make his mark if the breeders and public will judge for themselves."

Gombault's Caustic Balsam. We find the following in the veterinary department of the *Spirit of the Times*, the great horse paper of New York: "This great European remedy has already been recognized in this country by horsemen as being of the greatest efficacy. For lameness, water in the legs, knee, thrush, sores on withers and neck, knee sprung horses, mange, ringworm, external carbuncles, etc., it is a safe specific. In its use it supercedes cautery; leaves no scar, and as a blister has no equal. Veterinary Surgeon Hollingsworth, of Utica, N.Y., is the best remedy ever used, and it is recommended by many of the best horsemen of America."

The Farm.

OUR FRENCH LETTER.

The Feeding of Live Stock in Winter.

PARIS, October 4, 1884.

This is the period when cattle commence to be put on relatively dry diet. It is the moment when the farmer must estimate the quantity of provender he has to tide him over the winter and spring. If he be wide awake, and has fallen in with the system of ensilage he need labor under no fears. Should the result of the survey of the situation be a short supply of fodder he must review his stock and sell off the poorest animals, for the latter ever pay badly for their keep.

This is also the moment when cattle are tied up for winter fattening. To ensure the latter being profitable very much depends on the price and the choice of the animals. For this purpose the animal ought neither to be too young or too old. If the former, a portion of the food is relatively lost by the necessities of growth, if too old, the assimilation of food proceeds more slowly, the organs being more or less enfeebled by age. The animal should not be too lean, and of course exempt from disease, especially in connection with the lungs. Health can be readily recognized by the vivacity and brilliancy of the eye; the regularity of the beatings of the heart, the shining coat and the supple skin. An animal with a disposition to fatten will have the head and bones small, legs short, skin limp, muzzle large, temperment mild, and some insist on the whiteness of the horns.

On the Continent, horses experience in autumn the effects of the change of season. The farmers never reduce the feed of oats, but give the best hay and a few white carrots. Much attention is being given to the subject of the economical feeding of horses. An attempt is being made to revive cooked rye as a substitute for oats, and there is rather a tendency in general to cook, or steep grains, rather than give them whole or crushed. I think the rule of Homer's heroes holds good to this day; they gave their horses "pure oats and dry hay." In Spain climate must be taken into account, a very beautiful race of horses receives no other nourishment than barley—rarely bruised, and chaffed straw.

It is alleged that cooking grain for horses aids digestion, as much grain when raw, passes through the stomach unchanged. In the case of oats, poultry find in horse dung plenty of undigested seeds, and so much so, that the latter do not lose their germinative properties. Oats contain in their pellicle, a fatty oil, and an aromatic resin, which stimulate and impart a transient force, as wine does to man. Now cooking oats deprives the grain of this invigorating power. Some only steep the grain in boiling water, to crack it, and so force open the feculent cellulose; indigestions are thus avoided. Coachmen say too, that colds are thus kept away. In Paris, when beans are given, they are first soaked.

It is the high price of oats that compels the owners of horses to be ever in quest of substitutes. Oats are nearly as dear as wheat, and one-third more than rye and barley. The latter are frequently given mixed, with a feed once a week of good oats. In Sweden, grains are made into a meal, which is formed into baked loaves, and given to horses; Russia has applied the idea to biscuits for her cavalry when campaigning.

In Belgium and Germany the processes of economical feeding of stock are diligently studied. Cut straw and cake form a favorite soup for milch cows in the former country; in Saxony, boiled oats are in vogue. Soups are in esteem for fat stock, as well as for milch cows in Wurttemberg, but here roots are scarce and fuel plentiful. In autumn, as a general rule, the change of rations never takes place suddenly; the green and dry rations proceed on the half-and-half principle, avoiding to pass from abundance to penury, and vice versa.

In Alsace-Lorraine, sainfoin is the favorite provender for cattle and sheep. That, and carrots and beet, form the winter rations of horses, and right well they look on the dietary. As the stomach must have a certain volume or distension by food, to digest and remain in a healthy condition; hence the value of straw, when grains or cake are employed. A stomach could not be supported on "essences" alone; it would become inert, and death ensue. Straw is a corrective, and a supplement to such aqueous food as roots, cabbage, mash, or pulp. It acts well with potatoes. Too much straw fatigues the digestive organs, and is most relished for the first and last feeds of the day. Cattle do not drink so much after straw as after clover hay. One pound of hay is roughly viewed as equal to three pounds of wheat, and two pounds of oats or barley straw; the straw of summer is preferred to that of winter cereals, and as it spoils, like roots, by being stored, that is to say from age, hence the necessity of feeding it off early in autumn.

Potatoes are apt to scour cattle; in Prussia never more than half of the total rations is given of the tuber, and in the case of cows in calf, the one-fourth. It is essential to allow salt liberally. The raw potatoes are sliced, and the cooked, crushed. A mixture of potatoes and mangolds is excellent, though the former favor less the secretion of milk. All animals like carrots, and eat them with avidity; they are less nutritive it is maintained than white beet. Three hundred weight of cabbage are considered to be as good as one hundred weight of hay, and the stalks are estimated to be one-sixth at least more nourishing than the leaves; hence, why they are sliced up and boiled or fermented with the rest.

Poison Cheese.

Michigan is becoming somewhat notorious for poison cheese. I have had several samples sent me from there for examination, and others have been reported which I have not seen. A current paragraph says 100 persons have been poisoned in this

in that State this season, some being made seriously ill; and that tests by experts revealed the presence of "intense acidity in the cheese, reddening blue litmus paper instantly when applied to it." Ten or twelve years ago, when the acid process of cheese making was at its zenith, cases of mildly poisonous cheese which would distress some people without materially affecting others, were quite common in New York State, though instances of pronounced poison only appeared at longer intervals. There is very much less of it now than formerly.

In every instance of poison cheese which has come to my knowledge the cheese has been of the acid make (soured in the whey), and the cheese itself at the time of examination was decidedly sour. In not a single case was the curd taken out of the whey while sweet. From all the facts thus far collected it appears probable that the poison is due to some ferment in the food or drink of cows which passes through their bodies into their milk unharmed—as ferments are well known to do—and thence into the cheese, where it develops while the cheese is curing. It is a common occurrence for ferments to pass in to cheese in this way to modify and work injury to the curing cheese, and it would not seem a very strange thing if occasionally a poisonous ferment should be thus introduced.

The development of ferments in cheese is rendered possible and encouraged by permitting the green curd to lie in distinctly sour whey in the process of manufacture—a circumstance which materially changes the conditions of the curd. The strong acid in the whey favors the growth of ferments while it weakens the strength of rennet which tends to counteract them, and this allows all sorts of ferment to flourish in cheese which could not do so if rennet was present in proper strength and the curd had not been immersed in a sour whey. It is the encouragement given by this treatment of curds to ferments which happen to get into milk—a thing often happening—that prevents the cheese makers who adopt it from making anything but a poor, unwholesome cheese out of milk which other makers who avoid it have no difficulty in converting into an excellent and wholesome cheese.

The probability of such an origin is corroborated by the fact that the poison is not necessarily an accompaniment of a cheese during its whole lifetime; there is no evidence of its ever being present in curd, or in a green cheese. It does not make its appearance till curing is well advanced, and its virulence is most intense when the cheese is from one to three months old, according as the curing is fast or slow, and then dies away in the later stages of curing till it entirely disappears. A cheese which is decidedly poisonous at one stage may be harmless at a later period. The intensity of the poison abates rapidly by cutting the cheese and exposing it to air, when a characteristic odor will always be emitted. Just what results are brought about by the activity of an unusual ferment in the cheese to develop poison is not known. Either one of two possible effects may result in poison. First, fermentation may develop a new and poisonous fat, just as fusel oil is developed in the vinous fermentation. The fact that ether appears to remove it from the casein and to wash it out with the fats in the cheese, and the characteristic odor and flavor which it emits from the fresh surface, and the weakening of the poison from exposure by cutting, indicate the presence of a light and easily vaporized oil as the instrument of poison.

A second possible effect might be the liberation of a poisonous fatty acid by the decomposition of some of the numerous fats in milk, fats being made up of an acid and glycerine. The gradual development and decadence of the poison, and the constant acid reaction of the cheese containing it, favor such a supposition. The gradual diminution of the poison in the later stages of curing when the liberation of ammonia which then takes place would gradually neutralize it if such an acid existed, strongly favors such a possibility. Whatever the effect that takes place, it is evidently one and the same thing every time, as is evident from the uniformity in effect upon the persons eating it, and from the characteristic odor and flavor and reaction which always accompany it.—*Professor L. B. Arnold, in N. Y. Tribune.*

Winter Treatment of Milch Cows. The aim in the treatment of milch cows in winter, should be to continue the conditions of summer as nearly as possible. This requires comfortable quarters, not only against the inclemency of the weather, but in all else that relates to the well being of the cow—such as warm stables, but not too warm; ventilation, to control temperature and admit fresh air, but not directly on the animals; floor well littered with fine vegetable material, to absorb fluids and odors, aided by plaster, thus securing a clean, dry, soft bed to lie and stand on; carding; plenty of good water, conveniently obtained; occasional out-door airing and exercise, without rash exposure to cold and wet, getting as much sunlight as possible and avoiding great changes of temperature; kind treatment, making the cow feel at home. Give food to meet her requirements; if in calf, let the nutritious element be well represented, and let the feed be largely of a succulent character, to keep in line with the summer diet, such as roots or ensilage, with early-cut clover, well cured. Feed early and late, and a few times during the day, keeping the cow mostly employed with slight feeds the night serving for rest. Begin the winter feed early, in order to avoid exposure to inclement weather, and to realize a late fall and early winter harvest of butter, for which a superior price is obtained.

It is a great fault with many farmers to allow their cows the range of the farm, thus getting more exercise than is good for a milch cow, trampling the fields and making muddy paths, while the frost-bitten food that they pick is of reduced benefit, and leaves the fields bare and exposed to the winter's severity. It is an error to suppose that late grass, frost-bitten and bleached, is of more value as feed than for protection and plant food. Leaving the grass unfed is in effect green manuring, without the expense of turning it under.

By thus favoring our fields, we at the same time favor our cows also. Putting them up early requires attention, but pays well, as now the time can be well afforded, and the cows are continued in good condition without break, yielding a continued liberal supply of milk. All rash changes in feed and in treatment should be avoided, and above all, do not intermit the kindness in the least, without which a milch cow will never do her best. There is nothing new in all this, which makes it so much the better, as it is the experience of the most successful dairymen, yielding the largest quantity of the best milk and an increased percentage of butter from it, besides benefiting the cows.—*Country Gentleman.*

Methods of Applying Manure. After careful study and experiment I have adopted the rule of using most of my manure at the surface. The only exception to this rule which I make is when I wish to manure very heavily to permanently enrich a garden plot, and then I plow under a liberal coat of manure and top-dress in addition. When manure is to be used for wheat, so convinced am I of the superiority of top-dressing that I would not allow a man to draw out the manure before plowing the land if he would do it for nothing. We want the manure applied to the wheat crop so as to act as quickly as possible, for the wheat has a short time to grow in the fall and it is important that it get well rooted, and make growth enough to protect the roots before winter sets in; and the finer the manure is, and the nearer the surface, the quicker its effect will be on the young crop. I am satisfied that by fining our manure and using it at the surface we can double its value for the wheat crop.

Another and still more important reason for using manure as a top-dressing is that with the manure so applied we have a rich seedbed for clover, which makes a stand and vigorous growth much more certain than if the manure was plowed under. I believe clover to be the cheapest and best fertilizer within reach of the farmer, and that the clover will furnish a better condition of soil for a succeeding crop of corn or wheat than the manure does. Using manure as a top-dressing on wheat when clover is sown—as I believe it always should be—enables the manure to do double duty. First, it largely increases the wheat crop, and second, it grows a fertilizing crop which requires no heavy hauling or spreading, but is just where the farmer wants it without extra labor. The only valid objection I have ever heard urged against the practice is the extra labor of fining the manure. In reply to this I would say, first, that the plant cannot use the manure till it is thoroughly decomposed; second, we save enough labor in drawing to the field in the reduced bulk and increased ease of handling to largely compensate for this labor; and lastly, this fine manure will cover a much larger area than that which is coarse and lumpy.—*Waldo F. Brown, in N. Y. Tribune.*

Agricultural Items. A SEVEN-DAYS' test will be made at the exposition at New Orleans, to determine which breed is best for butter and which is best for milk. An old swine breeder says that he has noticed that what is known as "hog cholera" is usually worse in very dry seasons, and accounts for it by the fact that the pigs under such conditions get very little green food, and the exclusive use of the more concentrated foods superinduces this plague among the swine.—*Indiana Farmer.*

THE outside leaves of cabbages are greedily eaten by cows; but with, however, a bad effect on the milk unless care is taken to feed just after milking. The bad flavor goes off before the cow is milked again. In growing cabbages there will always be some that will not form salable or usable heads, and these can be made available as food for stock.

ONE important advantage is peculiar to the summer fallow and will often justify it—the starving out of insects and their larvæ, which effectually follows if the fallow is kept quite clean during the summer. And if the season has been dry there is such an accumulation of ready plant food by seed time as gives wheat a start such as no other preparation will.

The Poultry Yard.

Poultry Fences.

Everybody knows how to make a fence for the poultry yard, but everybody does not know how to make a cheap fence. Fences are very expensive, and any plan that enables a person to make a fence in such a manner as to cost but little and yet be serviceable, will be adopted. The cheapest fence is made of lath, but unless it is well made it is worthless. The desire should be to have the fence as strong as possible, and the weakest place is near the bottom. The objection to a lath fence is that dogs sometimes break through, not intentionally on the part of the dogs, but because the fence will not withstand pressure.

To make a good, strong, durable lath fence, six feet high, the lath is to be eight feet. Having placed the posts eight feet apart, procure some good shingling strips, (shingling lath), and securely nail the bottom strip from post to post, and the next strip above the ground. Nail the top strip exactly eighteen inches above the first one. Thus the first strip will be six inches above the ground, and the second strip being eighteen inches above that, will consequently be two feet from the ground. The third (or top) strip should be nailed three feet above the second, or five feet from the ground. Now, nail to the bottom strip half laths. As a lath is four feet long, a half lath will be two feet in length. Let the bottom touch the ground. Nail the lath to the two strips, the bottom of each lath of course being on the ground, the top of the lath is nailed to the second, (or middle) strip. Place the half laths one inch apart, which will keep in the chicks as well as the large fowls. Here it will be noticed that you have a strong, close, good fence, with the cross strips only eighteen inches high, and six inches only from the lower strip to the ground, but the fence is only two feet high.

If wing made the fence only two feet high, but close and strong, you now desire height. This is made of the whole lath, which is nailed to the middle and top strips, but instead of being only one inch apart, two inches will be close enough. The fence will thus be six feet high, and durable.

The practice of nailing a whole lath with a half lath above it, is here reversed, as we place the half lath at the bottom, and the whole lath at the top. There are several advantages to be gained by so doing. First, the strips are brought close to each other, making the pressure against two strips instead of one. The half lath can be placed closer together, with economy, than with the use of the whole lath. Should it be desired, the whole lath may be three inches apart, as full security of confinement is made by the lower. It is cheaper to repair a rotten half lath than a whole one, and as such fences usually begin to give out at the lower part first, this is a great advantage. Such a fence combines strength, cheapness, and efficiency, and can be made by any one.

Neuralgia Rheumatism is the hardest kind to treat. The only way to get at it is to go right for the cause of it. The quicker you get your blood in condition the less you will suffer in body and mind. ANTHROPORES moves directly on the enemy in the blood. It purges the vital fluid of the poisons and acids which give rise to neuralgia and rheumatic pains and inflammations. As soon as the work of cleansing begins you feel the pain departing, and by the time that work is done the disease has fled.

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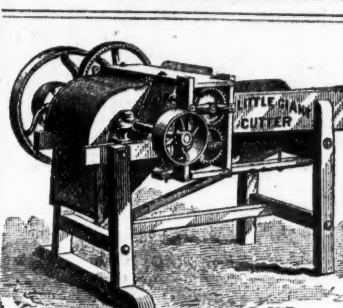
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Pacific Express	4:00 p.m.	4:00 p.m.
GRAND RAPIDS TRAINS		
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RAINIER AND DAY CITY TRAINS		
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Cincinnati Express	8:00 a.m.	8:00 p.m.
Grand Rapids Express	8:00 a.m.	8:00 p.m.
Cincinnati Express	8:00 a.m.	8:00 p.m.
Cincinnati Express	8:00 a.m.	8:00 p.m.
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Chicago Trains	Leave	Arrive
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Bay City & Saginaw Exp.	8:00 a.m.	8:00 p.m.
Bay City & Saginaw Exp.	8:00 a.m.	8:00 p.m.
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EXP.	Accom.	STATIONS.	WEEK.
P. M.	A. M.		
6:55	10:15	Marquette	2
8:15	11:35	Marquette	3
9:35	12:55	Marquette	4
10:55	1:15	Marquette	5
12:15	2:35	Marquette	6
1:35	3:55	Marquette	7
2:55	4:15	Marquette	8
4:15	5:35	Marquette	9
5:35	6:55	Marquette	10
6:55	8:15	Marquette	11
8:15	9:35	Marquette	12
9:35	10:55	Marquette	13
10:55	12:15	Marquette	14
12:15	1:35	Marquette	15
1:35	2:55	Marquette	16

Horticultural.

RASPBERRIES.

Marlboro is a seedling recently originated by A. J. Caywood, of Marlboro, N. Y., and named from its place of origin. It originated from a cross of the last of a long series of seedlings, by Mr. Caywood, with Highland Hardy; and is claimed by the originator, to be the earliest berry known; as well as one of the largest, and firmest; while the plant is alleged to be one of the most vigorous and hardy.

These claims, which would seem rather extravagant, are, to some extent, endorsed by the *Rural New Yorker*, on whose grounds it has fruited for one or two years past. We saw the plants upon these grounds in September, 1883; where they, at that time, showed a strong, vigorous habit, with ability to hold the foliage well to the close of the season. We are persuaded that it will be quite certain to prove a very valuable market variety. It is first offered for sale the present autumn.

Hansell has now shown its second crop with us; ripening its first berries on July 2nd. We still regard it as a promising early market variety.

Highland Hardy showed ripe specimens on the same day.

Rider also ripened, this year, with the foregoing; and is decidedly larger, more productive, and of superior flavor. Its early maturity, this season, may, very possibly, prove exceptional; but we think it excelled in quality as well as in quantity, by very few varieties.

Turner and Davison (Thornless), both, this season, ripened with the above.

Superb, Lost Rubies, Montclair, Welsh and Cuthbert, each ripened specimens on July 3rd, only one day later than the foregoing. Superb however, continued to ripen fine, large fruit, till September, in considerable quantity; which, should such habit prove constant, will render it a very desirable variety for home use. Its color is rather dark; but its worst fault seems to be that it is inclined to crumble too easily when being picked.

Beliance ripened this year on July 4th; as did Early Prolific, and also Caroline, and Kentucky Black Cap; this last showing its first crop with us. The flavor is fine for a cap variety; but the fruits were small and imperfect. To be valuable it must improve very greatly in size of fruit, as well as in productiveness.

Diadem is a fine looking and excellent yellow, or rather, orange colored fruit, nearly, if not quite as fine flavored as Brinkley's Orange; and with the same yellowish green shoots. It was sent us for trial, several years since, by the originator, the late Charles Arnold, of Paris, Ontario; but, for some cause we failed to get it to fruit, till the present season. Should it prove productive and hardy, its quality, as well as the attractive color, will render it valuable. Ripen July 4th. Brinkley's Orange ripened July 5th. This ranks among raspberries, as does the Rock among peaches—as the standard of flavor; but, alas, it is one of the most tender of the Idicus class, and must have protection in winter.

Southern and Tyler Black Cap ripened with the foregoing, the first of the caps if we except Davison's; which, however, cannot compete with them in other respects.

Hersline was ripe on July 7th. This is by no means a new raspberry; but if we were compelled to depend upon one variety only, we would cling to this. Although it is not relatively profitable, it is so large, beautiful and excellent, as well as so generally satisfactory; otherwise, that it would surely be our first choice for home use. Away from the Lake Shore, it will perhaps prove a little tender.

Little's Pr-Lific, Brandywine, Doolittle, Black Cap and New Rochelle—a purple, up-rooting hybrid—ripened with the foregoing.

Crimson Beauty, also, on plants set last spring as well as on yearling canes, ripened on the 7th. Much has been said, in certain quarters, in disparagement of this; but so far as a year's trial goes, it has shown itself vigorous, and very prolific; and the fruit rich and bright in color, of fine size and good flavor.

Ohio Black Cap ripened July 9th. Much has been said in praise of its productiveness, and especially of its profitability for drying. Of these we are not prepared to speak further than to say, it seems to us very promising in these respects.

Hopkins ripened with the foregoing, to which it seems to be, in most respects, quite similar.

Canada Black Cap matured fruit on the 11th. It has not, so far, given indications of decided value, as compared with the older sorts.

Surprise—a red variety—although only planted last spring, has shown decided vigor, and great productiveness; the fruit also is very large, rather dark red, rather soft, very juicy, slightly and pleasant in flavor. In most, if not in all respects it appears to be the equal of Crimson Beauty, to which it is quite similar. Ripen July 11th.

Michigan Early, although an alleged native of this State, seems to be little if at all known here; appearing only in the catalogues of a few eastern nurseries. Plants set last spring have matured a little fruit, of medium size, but negative in flavor, and unattractive in color, of little apparent value; although the trial cannot be deemed a fair or satisfactory one. Ripen with the foregoing.

Queen is yet another raspberry new to us, of the origin of which we are uninformed. Plants set last spring have fruited well, and the fruit is of good size, but the color is dull and unattractive, and the flavor negative. Not valuable unless it shall decidedly improve upon further acquaintance. Ripen with the foregoing.

Wetherbee, a purple, tip-rooting hybrid; also Gregg and Onondaga, ripened July 16th.

T. T. LYON.

GRAPE ROT.

A writer in the N. Y. *Tribune*, in referring the practice of bagging grapes, mentioned to the effect of this system in preventing rot, and said: "As to the bags preventing rot, we can only say from here that we have as yet found only one or two Jona affected on one bunch in a rather open bag; but there is not much rot this year out of bags." In conversation in THE FARMER office recently upon the subject of grape rot, Mr. James Lister of Grosse Ile, where the rot has been very damaging this season, said bagging had preserved every bunch for him he had tried it on, while those left without bags were completely lost from the effects of the rot. He mentioned a number of vineyards which had been disastrously affected by the rot this season, and showed some handsome bunches of Concord which he had this season saved by bagging. In answer to his question as to what could be done in the way of preventive measures, Mr. C. W. Robinson, the veteran grape grower of this city, said he had entirely prevented the rot from damaging his vines by keeping the rotten grapes picked off. In his vicinity vineyards had suffered severely, and many had been abandoned in consequence. He said that it never attacked all the vines at once, but would start in some particular spot, and gradually extend itself until every vine was ruined if no preventive measures were taken. He mentioned one instance where he had seen the disease start in a corner of a neighbor's vineyard, and advised him to pick off every grape affected if he did not wish to lose his vines. The advice was neglected and in three years every vine was ruined.

Mr. Robinson said he had no fears of the disease, as he had been in the midst of it for years, and beyond the trouble of picking off a few affected grapes it had never damaged his vines. In a recent number of the *Rural New Yorker* a correspondent who has been visiting a number of grape growers, among others Col. A. W. Pearson, of Vineland, reports the latter's observation on grape rot as follows:

"Col. Pearson has given the rot (*Phoma viticola*) a great deal of study, both microscopically and in practice. To ascertain from what direction the spores mostly came, he suspended horizontally, a foot or so above the ground, under and about the vines, pieces of glass slightly coated with glycerine, to catch the spores. These he placed under and about his vines, and about 19-20ths of the spores were found upon the underside of the glasses, showing that they had floated up from the rotten berries (probably old leaves also) below. As an experiment, he kept all the rotten grapes picked out of one of his vineyards one season, and the following year the *Phoma* was not present to this fourth the extent it was elsewhere. This he threw a furrow away from both sides of his grape rows, scraped the rotten grapes, the leaves and other matter into the furrow, and with the plow threw the earth back, completely covering everything up, being careful not to disturb this matter since; this has given the same beneficial result as picking the rotten grapes."

It would seem from the above statements that grape rot can be prevented very easily, and that a few years of vigilance on the part of growers would soon put an end to its ravages.

Peach-Growing on the Prairies.

The original home of the peach, as known in South Europe and with us, is said to be Persia. But Dr. Koch and Prof. Maximowich, who have given the subject much careful research, have reason to believe that the original home of this fruit is China, where it was grown in great plenty in the days of Confucius. As introduced from Persia the original stock came from South China. This race has shown little variation in the hardness of varieties during the past two hundred years. All attempts to grow varieties of the grade of hardness of Hill's Chili, and Wager, without winter protection, where the thermometer occasionally reaches 25 degrees below zero, have failed, and are likely to fail, on both continents.

On the other hand peaches are grown in Northern Bokara, in Central Asia, from original stock said to have been received from the province of Shense, in North-west China. From this source it is not only possible but probable that we will receive varieties hardy enough to grow profitably in the south half of Iowa and Illinois, and over the whole area of Kansas.

As partial proof of the correctness of this belief I can offer the fact that we imported thirteen varieties from Pekin, China, four years ago. During the crucial winters of the past two years these have lived, though showing traces of injury, while the Wager and Hill's Chili by their side have been killed. Beyond reasonable doubt these varieties are thirty per cent harder than the hardest sorts known of the Persian race, and will possibly prove hardy enough for profitable commercial growing in Southern Illinois and Iowa. Some of these varieties are on trial in Missouri and Southern Iowa, and have as yet shown no sign of injury by the past test winter.

If the varieties from Pekin prove harder than our common sorts, we have the best reason for believing that these of the Province of Shense and of northern Bokara will prove hardy enough as far north as the 43rd parallel in all the prairie States.—Prof. J. L. Budd, in *Prairie Farmer*.

The Movement of Sap in Trees.

How sap moves in trees is a question to which botanists have given a great amount of thought and experiment. Mr. A. S. Fuller, in his new work on "Practical Forestry," gives his readers a chapter on the subject from which we make the following extracts:

"All plants obtain their nourishment in a liquid or gaseous form, by imbibition through the cells of the younger roots or their fibrils. The fluids and gases thus absorbed, probably mingling with other previously assimilated matter, are carried upward from cell to cell through the al-

burnum or sap-wood until it reaches the buds, leaves and smaller twigs, where it is exposed to the air and light, and converted into organic matter. In this condition a part goes to aid in the prolongation of the branches, enlargement of the leaves, and formation of the buds, flowers, and fruit, and other portions are gradually spread over the entire surface of the wood, extending downwards to the extremities of the roots. We often speak of the downward flow of sap, and even of its circulation, but its movement in trees in no way corresponds with the circulation of the blood in animals, neither does it follow any well-defined channels, for it will, when obstructed, move laterally as well as lengthwise, or with the grain of the wood.

"The old idea that the sap of trees descended into the roots in the fall, remaining there through the winter, is an error with no foundation whatever. As the wood and leaves ripen in the autumn, the roots almost cease to imbibe crude sap, and for a while the entire structure appears to part with moisture, and doubtless does so through exhalations from ripening leaves, buds and smaller twigs, but warm weather again approaches, and the temperature of the soil increases, and roots again commence to absorb crude sap and force it upward, where it meets soluble organized matter, changing its color, taste and chemical properties. If this was not the case, we could not account for the saccharine properties of the sap of the maple, or for the presence of various mucilaginous and resinous constituents of the sap of trees in early spring, because we find no trace of such substance in the liquids or crude sap as absorbed by them from the soil."

The life of the tree, Mr. Fuller teaches, is all in the bark and sap wood, the heart being dead, and serving the tree only to strengthen it mechanically, as shown in the fact that it may be removed entirely by decay, and still the tree grows on vigorously for centuries.

The Yellow Transparent Apple.

T. H. Hoskins describes this early Russian apple as follows, in the *Rural New Yorker*:

"The tree is a free and symmetrical grower, upright when young, but spreading as it becomes older under the loads of fruit. The bark is of a light cinnamon color, almost yellow on the young wood, and leaves are light green, being slightly pubescent and whitish beneath. It is a healthy tree, and, like most of the Russians, 'iron clad' against cold, enduring 40 deg. below zero without injury. It is a heavy bearer annually in rich gardens, but biennially on poorer soils, or in soil. The fruit, fairly grown, is medium in size, though specimens that would rank as large may often be found on young trees in good soil. But the tendency to overbear is likely to make the fruit small when not thinned, especially on poor soil. The tree is of dwarf growth, and, when branched low, nearly all the fruit may be gathered by hand, even from an old tree. My oldest trees (13 years old) have little fruit out of reach."

"In delicate, waxy beauty, the Yellow Transparent, especially when allowed to mature upon the tree, is unequalled among American apples. It is soft fleshed, and of a mild, delicate, but not very high flavor—not equal to the Early Harvest. But the fruit is always fair, and its attractive appearance, joined with its very good quality, makes it extremely saleable. As an early market apple, it has great merits. If gathered just as the seeds begin to color, it bears transportation well, and will keep two weeks or more, before showing any sign of deterioration. How far south it will succeed, I cannot say; but have no doubt that in the mountains it may be successfully grown nearly down to the latitude of New York."

"There are at least two other Russian apples which are nearly, if not quite, identical with the Yellow Transparent. I have them growing and bearing in the same orchard, and cannot distinguish any positive difference in tree or fruit. These are the Grand Sultan and the Charlottenthaler. The Grand Sultan does not appear to be quite as hardy a tree as the other two, or perhaps I should say not quite so healthy, being subject to bark-light upon the trunk, by which the young trees are destroyed. I have in one place two parallel rows of Yellow Transparent and Grand Sultan, set nine years ago. The first are all perfect, but of the latter two-thirds have died from bark-light. The remaining trees of Grand Sultan, however, cannot be distinguished in any way from their neighbors. The Charlottenthaler was at first thought to bear larger fruit than the Yellow Transparent; but my experience with the trees as they get older does not sustain this belief. The younger trees of all three often bear very large apples, but as they get older they all get about the same size."

Planting Suckers From Fruit Trees. L. B. Pierce, in the *Ohio Farmer*, in discussing the advisability of planting suckers or sprouts from fruit trees, says the main objection is that the sprouting habit is thus perpetuated. He goes on to say:

"Sprouting is not, however, confined to the roots of trees that were themselves sprouts, but is liable to take place with any apple, pear or plum grown from seed, nature having made a double provision for continuing the species. In a pear orchard of 147 standard trees (procured of Elwanger & Barry) planted in the spring of '60, more than two-thirds sucker more or less, but a few are much more prolific than the rest. Wishing to enlarge the orchard, and believing that suckers are just as good as anything else, I have allowed about fifty to grow to the size of my finger, and shall plant them out next spring, grafting them about three feet from the ground, a year or two later, with Harvest Belle, Gifford, Made line, and Anjou. There are quite a number of the first two kinds mentioned, in the neighborhood, now about fifty years old, all of which were grafted upon sprouts and are healthy and very productive."

"About a dozen years ago I set for a neighbor a Bartlett graft in a sprout

about the size of a broom handle, that stood where it came up about twenty feet from the parent tree. It is now a vigorous, healthy, bearing tree, and has never shown any sign of blight. Fifteen years ago a friend gave me a sprout of what he called a white plum of great excellence. I heeded it in temporarily, but not thinking it of much account, I never replanted it, but took pains when the block of trees was cleared off two or three years later, to let it stand. It is now a beautiful tree and has borne fruit for five years. The fruit is precisely like the Imperial Gage in all respects."

"Three years ago I took up the clumps of sprouts that came up all around it, divided them, and set in a row. They are now likely-looking, thrifty trees, and I shall set them in an orchard next spring."

"Some of the most thrifty and productive quince bushes I know of were clumps of sprouts divided and set separately. The grafted portion of my father's orchard was all sprouts, set out and then grafted four feet from the ground. At seventeen years from the graft it was one of the most vigorous and productive orchards I ever saw, single trees of Belmont producing seven barrels each, and now, eighteen years later it is still healthy and productive."

A Beautiful Plant.

The following waif going the rounds of the newspaper press is concerning a plant met with in private collections. It is the *Pilea Muscosa* of botanists. Although somewhat like a fern in its general appearance, it belongs to the natural family of *Urticaceae*, and it is a native of the West India Islands:

"The artillery fern, or flower, as it is sometimes called, is a curious and beautiful plant, which is not very generally known outside of rare collections or of florists' green-houses. It acquires its singular name from the military and explosive fashion with which it resists the action of water upon it. If a branch of the fern, covered with its small red seed, is dipped in water and then held up to the light, there soon commences a strange phenomenon. First one bud will explode with a sharp little crack, throwing into the air its pollen in the shape of a small cloud of yellow dust. This will be followed by another and another, until very soon the entire fern-like branch will be seen discharging these miniature volleys with their tiny puffs of smoke. This occurs whenever the plant is watered, and the effect of the entire fern in this condition of rebellion is very curious as well as beautiful. As the buds thus open, they assume the shape of a miniature Geneva cross, too small to the naked eye to attract much attention, but under a magnifying glass they are seen to possess the rarest beauty."

Domestic Pond Lilies.

At the New York State Experiment Station, there is a barrel cut down to convenient size, and then set in a hole dug in the earth upon a corner of the lawn. The top of the barrel is just level with the surface of the lawn. It has about four inches of river mud in the bottom, in which were planted a few roots of the common white pond lily. The barrel was then filled with water, and is kept full from a faucet in the aqueduct pipe, the water being turned on as often as necessary. The barrel has been a beautiful miniature pond of white lilies all the season. In the fall, after the weather gets cold, the barrel or tub is lifted out and carried to the cellar, where it is protected from freezing; and where the roots of the lilies will be kept in conditions similar to what they would be surrounded with in their natural state. Nothing can be more charming in the way of flowers on a lawn than a small pond of water lilies blooming daily the whole summer through. Of course the barrel must be set where teams and persons would not walk into it by night or day. If the tub is a tight one, the trouble of keeping it supplied with water will not be great upon any lawn.—N. E. Farmer.

Effects of Ammonia.

A writer in *London Gardener's Chronicle* says: "Last year I was induced to try an experiment in Chrysanthemum growing, and for this purpose purchased one pound of ammonia, which I bottled and corked, as the ammonia evaporates very rapidly. I then selected four plants from my collection, put them by themselves, and gave them a teaspoonful of ammonia in a gallon of water twice a week. In a fortnight's time the result was most striking, for though I watered the others with liquid cow manure they looked lean when compared with the ammonia-watered plants, whose leaves turned to a very dark green, which they carried to the edge of the pots until the flowers were splendid. The ammonia used is rather expensive, as I bought it from a chemist's shop. This year I intend getting agricultural ammonia, which is much cheaper. I have also tried it on strawberries, with the same satisfactory result, the crop being very plentiful, and requires to be used with caution."

Horticultural Notes.

LEAVE no hollows about orchard trees, in which the water can settle during thaws. Either fill them up or provide a way for the water to escape.

MR. OHMER, of the Montgomery County (O.) Horticultural Society, says it has been ascertained at the Columbus Experiment Station that the temperature three inches above the ground in a strawberry bed mulched with straw is four degrees lower than in one not mulched, thus rendering it possible for every bud in bloom in a mulched bed to be killed during a frosty night, while in an adjoining bed not mulched they might escape.

No apple that is permitted to drop to the ground, says the Massachusetts *Farmer*, should be packed with those that are to be kept until winter, but should always be put with those that are to be consumed early in the season, whatever may be its appearance. It is very difficult to get an apple to the ground by shaking the tree without having it strike some of the limbs on its way to the ground; this will be sure to bruise it, and thus destroy its keeping qualities.

THE *American Cultivator* says that it is not advisable to feed uncooked sour apples to pigs that are fattening on corn. The acid in the fruit injures their teeth, making the pigs' mouths sore and preventing regular feeding. The same effect, as it soars on the stomach and thus injures digestion. Apples may be fed in small quantities with meal, and if they are cooked together, no better fattening food need be desired.

Too small a proportion of the manure made on the farm is given to the wheat crop, says a correspondent of the *Country Gentleman*. One chief reason for this is the fact that stable manures will make wheat grow too rank, and fall down without heading. Another reason is that farmers find that phosphate alone will make wheat nearly or quite as well as phosphate with stable manures. It is not for the grain that we need to manure heavily, but for the clover sown with the wheat. What we need most in wheat is a variety that will stand up and fill in the richest soil.

THE *Ohio Farmer* says: "N. Ohmer, who cultivates more Gregg raspberries than any man we know of, pinches off the plant, first year, when eight to ten inches long; every year after that he pinches back the tips when the shoots are 21 inches to two feet high in the spring he cuts back the lateral branches with pruning shears, leaving them one or two feet long, according to the number and strength of canes. By this method he says he never has any trouble about breaking down, and his soil is as rich as any soil need be."

APPLES probably keep longer, remarks L. H. Bailey, in the *American Cultivator*, when picked before they are ripe, but such apples never possess the rich flavor and the crispness of fully-matured fruit. Sound apples do not decay until they are over-ripe. An acetous fermentation follows the period of ripeness—the period of the greatest development of saccharine matter. Immature fruit ripens slowly during the winter, and does not soon reach the period of decay. It never ripens fully, however, and it is, therefore, always inferior. It withers and becomes tough. While mature fruit will decay sooner than immature fruit, it is nevertheless much more preferable. Long-keeping qualities are certainly inferior to good eating qualities. Any treatment which retards the over-ripening of mature fruit in a cold place is the best ordinary preventive of decay. Fruits which are over-ripe when harvested have already entered upon the period of decomposition, and they cannot be expected to keep long. Therefore, avoid the extremes.

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State Journal of Agriculture.

DETROIT, TUESDAY, OCT. 21, 1884.

WHEAT.

The receipts of wheat in this market the past week amounted to 449,380 bu., against 655,553 bu. the previous week and 212,002 bu. for corresponding week in 1883. Shipments for the week were 493,386 bu. The stocks of wheat now held in this city amount to 575,051 bu., against 603,685 last week, and 471,067 bu. for corresponding week in 1883. The visible supply of this grain on October 4 was 29,000,140 bu., against 26,251,067 the previous week, and 29,869,699 bu. at corresponding date in 1883. This shows an increase over the amount in sight the previous week of 2,839,067 bu. The export clearances for Europe for the week ending October 11 were 831,036 bu., against 1,007,430 the previous week, and for the last eight weeks they were 13,878,089 bu. against 10,258,468 for the corresponding eight weeks in 1883.

The course of the market has been steadily downward the past week, both in spot and futures, with the depression more marked in white than in red wheat grades. Up to Saturday night No. 1 white wheat had declined 34c per bu., and No. 2 red 12c. There has been a fair movement of spot wheat the past week, amounting to 700 car-loads, with a shipping demand for red wheat that left only 11,000 bu. of that variety in store here at the end of the week. But the markets all over the country are weak and depressed, and the "bear" element has complete control. Yesterday this market was weak and bearish in tone, with no speculative demand. For cash wheat, however, the demand was quite active, and 280 cars changed hands. Of futures only 50,000 bu. were sold. The Chicago market closed 3c lower than on Saturday, after sharp fluctuations in prices. No. 2 red selling at 72c@74c, and No. 3 do. at 65c@64c. Toledo was dull and a shade lower. No. 2 red selling at 70c, and No. 2 soft at 78c.

The following table exhibits the daily closing prices of wheat from Oct. 1st to Oct. 20th:

	No. 1	No. 2	No. 3	No. 4
Oct. 1	81 1/2	78 1/2	75 1/2	72 1/2
Oct. 2	81 1/2	78 1/2	75 1/2	72 1/2
Oct. 3	81 1/2	78 1/2	75 1/2	72 1/2
Oct. 4	81 1/2	78 1/2	75 1/2	72 1/2
Oct. 5	81 1/2	78 1/2	75 1/2	72 1/2
Oct. 6	81 1/2	78 1/2	75 1/2	72 1/2
Oct. 7	81 1/2	78 1/2	75 1/2	72 1/2
Oct. 8	81 1/2	78 1/2	75 1/2	72 1/2
Oct. 9	81 1/2	78 1/2	75 1/2	72 1/2
Oct. 10	81 1/2	78 1/2	75 1/2	72 1/2
Oct. 11	81 1/2	78 1/2	75 1/2	72 1/2
Oct. 12	81 1/2	78 1/2	75 1/2	72 1/2
Oct. 13	81 1/2	78 1/2	75 1/2	72 1/2
Oct. 14	81 1/2	78 1/2	75 1/2	72 1/2
Oct. 15	81 1/2	78 1/2	75 1/2	72 1/2
Oct. 16	81 1/2	78 1/2	75 1/2	72 1/2
Oct. 17	81 1/2	78 1/2	75 1/2	72 1/2
Oct. 18	81 1/2	78 1/2	75 1/2	72 1/2
Oct. 19	81 1/2	78 1/2	75 1/2	72 1/2
Oct. 20	81 1/2	78 1/2	75 1/2	72 1/2

The following statement gives the closing figures on No. 1 white each day of the past week for the various days:

	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.
Tuesday	79	80	81
Wednesday	79	80	81
Thursday	79	80	81
Friday	79	80	81
Saturday	79	80	81
Sunday	79	80	81

For No. 2 red closing prices on futures each day for the week were as follows:

	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.
Tuesday	73 1/2	74 1/2	75 1/2
Wednesday	73 1/2	74 1/2	75 1/2
Thursday	73 1/2	74 1/2	75 1/2
Friday	73 1/2	74 1/2	75 1/2
Saturday	73 1/2	74 1/2	75 1/2
Sunday	73 1/2	74 1/2	75 1/2

The following statement shows the amount of wheat in sight at the dates given this season as compared with last year:

	1883	1884
Visible supply in U. S. and Can.	26,251,067	29,000,140
On passage for United Kingdom	13,878,089	10,258,468
On passage for Continent of Europe	3,984,000	2,839,067
Total, Oct. 4	44,113,156	41,141,675
Total two weeks ago	41,141,675	44,113,156
Total Oct. 5, 1883	44,113,156	41,141,675

It is now past the middle of October, and the situation for the wheat grower appears as bad as immediately after harvest. There is none of the buoyancy usual at this period of the year, when shippers generally are anxious to secure supplies before the close of navigation. On the contrary, business is slow and dragging, and every outlet for a bushel seems to bring forward two to fill it. Buyers are not willing to take more than sufficient for immediate wants, as the market may drop below even the unheard-of prices prevailing at present. The great problem among business men at present is, will the new year open with more promising prospects for the farmers, manufacturers and workmen of the country than are now foreboded?

In Great Britain and Europe the situation is the same as here, with the additional cause for dissatisfaction among the farming population that American grain is taking complete possession of their markets and compelling them to sell at prices that are below the cost of production. There is a general business and industrial stagnation observable all over the world, and until this incubus is removed by a return of confidence among all classes, we must look for continued dullness and depression.

The English journals are figuring out how low wheat can be raised in that country and pay expenses. The bulk of testimony places the figures at 40s. per quarter, or 5s. per bu. on a yield of 28 bu. It is now selling at 38s. This is not a promising outlook for the wheat-growers in Great Britain.

The following table shows the prices

ruling at Liverpool on Monday last, as compared with those of one week previous:

	Oct. 13.	Oct. 20.
Flour, extra State	10s. 9d.	10s. 9d.
do No. 1 white	9s. 6d.	9s. 6d.
do do No. 2	9s. 3d.	9s. 3d.
do do No. 3	9s. 0d.	9s. 0d.
do do No. 4	8s. 6d.	8s. 6d.
do do No. 5	8s. 3d.	8s. 3d.
do do No. 6	8s. 0d.	8s. 0d.
do do No. 7	7s. 6d.	7s. 6d.
do do No. 8	7s. 3d.	7s. 3d.
do do No. 9	7s. 0d.	7s. 0d.
do do No. 10	6s. 6d.	6s. 6d.
do do No. 11	6s. 3d.	6s. 3d.
do do No. 12	6s. 0d.	6s. 0d.
do do No. 13	5s. 6d.	5s. 6d.
do do No. 14	5s. 3d.	5s. 3d.
do do No. 15	5s. 0d.	5s. 0d.
do do No. 16	4s. 6d.	4s. 6d.
do do No. 17	4s. 3d.	4s. 3d.
do do No. 18	4s. 0d.	4s. 0d.
do do No. 19	3s. 6d.	3s. 6d.
do do No. 20	3s. 3d.	3s. 3d.
do do No. 21	3s. 0d.	3s. 0d.
do do No. 22	2s. 6d.	2s. 6d.
do do No. 23	2s. 3d.	2s. 3d.
do do No. 24	2s. 0d.	2s. 0d.
do do No. 25	1s. 6d.	1s. 6d.
do do No. 26	1s. 3d.	1s. 3d.
do do No. 27	1s. 0d.	1s. 0d.
do do No. 28	0s. 6d.	0s. 6d.
do do No. 29	0s. 3d.	0s. 3d.
do do No. 30	0s. 0d.	0s. 0d.

CORN AND OATS.

The receipts of corn in this market the past week were 4,288 bu., against 7,525 bu. the previous week, and 53,455 bu. for the corresponding week in 1883. Shipments were 2,391 bu. The visible supply in the country on Oct. 11, amounted to 6,645,507 bu., against 7,338,847 bu. the previous week, and 12,431,931 bu. at the same date last year. The visible supply shows a decrease during the week of 688,040 bu. The exports for Europe the past week were 153,369 bu., against 168,605 bu. the previous week, and for the past eight weeks 1,993,125 bu., against 8,935,056 bu. for the corresponding period in 1883. The stocks now held in this city amount to 7,567 bu., against 5,987 bu. last week, and 31,887 bu. at the corresponding date in 1883. The near approach of the time when the corn crop can be marketed has caused a general break in values the past week. In this market the decline has been slight, No. 2 being still quoted here at 58c per bu., and rejected at 51c, but in Chicago, where manipulation had carried prices beyond those ruling in any other market, the decline has been heavy. On Saturday a drop of 2 1/2c per bu. took place, on spot and near by futures, while all futures declined more or less. No. 2 spot sold at 47c per bu., a decline of 10c per bu. during the week, and the market panicky with very free offerings. In futures October closed at 47c, November 46c, the year deliveries at 40c, and January at 37c. It is expected prices will go lower this week. At Toledo the market is dull, with No. 2 cash quoted at 56c, October deliveries at 60c, and the year deliveries at 38c. The Liverpool market yesterday was quoted steady at 5s. 4d. per cental for new mixed, and 5s. 6d. for old do., the same figures as reported a week ago, on old mixed, and 2 1/2c advance on new do. The cool weather is drying corn rapidly, and large receipts may be looked for by the end of the present month.

The receipts of oats in this market the past week were 29,265 bu., against 32,615 bu. the previous week, and 44,897 bu. for the corresponding week in 1883. The shipments were 3,170 bu. The visible supply of this grain on October 11 was 4,115,895 bu., against 3,510,468 bu. at the corresponding date in 1883. Stocks in this city on Monday amounted to 54,823 bu., against 43,181 bu. the previous week, and 137,446 bu. at the same date last year. The exports for Europe the past week were 303,658 bu., against 28,234 bu. for the corresponding weeks in 1883. The visible supply shows an increase of 605,427 bu. Oats are beginning to weaken under steady receipts and a very limited shipping demand. Local demands keep up well, and so far have prevented any accumulation of stock. No. 2 white are now selling at 28c@29c per bu., light mixed at 28c, and No. 2 mixed at 27c. On the street farmers realize 26c@30c per bu., with prices likely to decline a little. Other markets are also lower. At Chicago No. 2 mixed are selling at 25c, a week ago quotations were 27c. In futures October is quoted at 25c, November at 25c, and December at 25c. The Toledo market is quoted lower, at 26c per bu. for No. 3 mixed, 26c for October delivery, and 26c for December. The New York market is also tending downward, with a decline in all grades of mixed and on most of those of white. Mixed, however, appears to be the weakest. Quotations there are as follows: No. 3 mixed, 30c; No. 2 do., 30c@30c; No. 1 do., 31c; No. 2 Chicago mixed, 32c; No. 3 white, 31c; No. 2 do., 32c; No. 1 white, 33c; Western white, 35c@36c; State white, 35c@36c.

DAIRY PRODUCTS.

The receipts of butter the past week have greatly increased, and as a large proportion of it has been of rather poor quality, it has burdened the market and been difficult of sale. Where quality and flavor were even fair, 24c@25c were readily obtained, and the supply of such stock was not up to the requirements of the trade. Low grade stock is in large supply, and dealers find it hard work to secure an outlet for it. Creamery is in good demand for the local trade, and is quoted at 28c@30c. The season is very favorable for a large production of butter, the pastures being in unusually fine condition for this season of the year, and will prove of great benefit to farmers who are carrying any amount of stock. It is thought the large supplies of butter now being received will tend to depress prices to some extent, but this is not likely to be the case on stock of really fine quality. At Chicago there is a good demand that keeps the market steady. Low grade stock in large supply and weak. Other grades are steady. Quotations there are as follows: Fancy creamery, 29c; fair to choice do., 24c@25c; common grades, 13c@15c; packing stock, 8c@9c. At New York choice butter holds its own, and has even advanced, while other stock is unchanged though not showing any strength. State stock is quoted there as follows:

	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.
Creamery, fancy, pale, etc.	29	30	31
Creamery, choice	28	29	30
Creamery, fair to good	27	28	29
Creamery, ordinary	26	27	28
Creamery, poor	25	26	27
Half-drain tubs, best	24	25	26
Half-drain tubs, fair to good	23	24	25
Half-drain tubs, ordinary	22	23	24
Half-drain tubs, poor	21	22	23
Welsh tubs, best	20	21	22
Welsh tubs, fair to good	19	20	21
Welsh tubs, ordinary	18	19	20
Welsh tubs, poor	17	18	19

Quotations on western stock in this market are as follows:

	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.
Western imitation creamery, choice	29	30	31
Western do, good to prime	28	29	30
Western do, ordinary to fair	27	28	29
Western dairy, fine	26	27	28
Western dairy, good	25	26	27
Western dairy, ordinary	24	25	26
Western dairy, best current make	23	24	25
Western factory, fair to good	22	23	24
Western factory, ordinary	21	22	23
Western factory, poor	20	21	22

The exports of butter from American ports for the week ending Oct. 11 were 1,117,185 lbs., against 1,010,094 lbs. the previous week, and 1,465,827 lbs. two weeks

previous. The exports for the corresponding week in 1883 were 1,446,187 lbs.

Cheese is steady if not firm in this market, on the basis of values quoted last week, namely, 12c@14c per lb. for choice makes of full cream State, and 11c@14c for second quality. Very little skimmed stock is offering or inquired for. At retail, the best stock brings 16c@18c per lb., with a very fair demand. On the whole cheese-makers have no reason to complain of the past season, especially when the values of other farm products are considered. At Chicago the range of values quoted a week ago is well maintained and the demand, both local and foreign, is very good, choice stock being relatively the firmest. Quotations there are as follows:

	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.
Full cream cheddars, per lb.	11 1/2	12 1/2	13 1/2
skimmed, 8c@9c; common to fair skins,	5 1/2	6 1/2	7 1/2
5c@6c; low grades, 1c@3c; Young America,	1 1/2	2 1/2	3 1/2
full cream, 12c@13c. The New York			
market has ruled steady all week, but			
closed on Saturday with buyers holding			
off for concessions. Quotations there are			
as follows:			
State factory, full cream fancy selected	12 1/2	13 1/2	14 1/2
State factory, full cream fancy for exp't	12 1/2	13 1/2	14 1/2
State factory, fancy, full cream	12 1/2	13 1/2	14 1/2
State factory, full cream, good to choice	12 1/2	13 1/2	14 1/2
State factory, skims, fair to good	12 1/2	13 1/2	14 1/2
State factory, skims, ordinary	12 1/2	13 1/2	14 1/2
Ohio State, prime to choice	12 1/2	13 1/2	14 1/2
Ohio State, fair to good	12 1/2	13 1/2	14 1/2
Skims, Pennsylvania, prime	12 1/2	13 1/2	14 1/2
Skims, Pennsylvania, fair to good	12 1/2	13 1/2	14 1/2

The N. Y. Daily Bulletin of Saturday says of the market:

"Strictly fancy quality of fall dates continued in moderate supply, and on a direct demand could not be reached except at full former outside figures; yet the same class of goods, if directly offered, would have to be placed in order to secure attention from buying customers. In other words, to reach per factories 12c would have to be bid, but a holder refusing that and afterwards trying to sell would not do better than 12c. On other grades there is not much of a report to be made. Some shippers were looking for cheap lots, and a little call came from home sources, but the position was irregular and the actual operating basis merely a matter of shrewdness in negotiation."

The Liverpool market is quoted steady at 58s. per cwt., an advance of 1s. from the figures reported one week ago.

The receipts of cheese in the New York market the past week were 53,978 boxes against 39,573 boxes the previous week, and 43,135 boxes the corresponding week in 1883. The exports from all American ports for the week ending Oct. 11 foot up 4,001,919 lbs., against 1,023,354 lbs. the previous week, and 5,515,406 two weeks ago. The exports for the corresponding week last year were 4,182,638 lbs.

HOPS.

Hops are really beginning to show some strength at the east, and it may be growers will yet get something over cost for their crops. Our local market shows no change during the week, and 18c@20c are the figures offered on State hops. Choice New Yorks, it is not likely, could be purchased under 22c@24c, as the growers are getting 21c@22c in the Waterville market for choice growths. The New York market has also made a slight advance, and as interior prices are relatively the highest yet, will probably go still higher. The Daily Bulletin of Saturday said of the market:

"There is very little doing here as yet, shippers seeming to give the interior the preference when it comes to filling what orders they secure. The prices paid there show a little advance, however, and that in turn imparts more strength here. Sales were reported of choice crops at 22c in the interior. That price was bid here for choice goods, and probably 23c could be obtained."

The quotations in New York yesterday were as follows:

	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.
N. Y. State, crop of 1884, prime to choice	22 1/2	23 1/2	24 1/2
do do do do do do do do do do do do	22 1/2	23 1/2	24 1/2
N. Y. State, crop of 1883, good to prime	22 1/2	23 1/2	24 1/2
do do do do do do do do do do do do	22 1/2	23 1/2	24 1/2
do do do do do do do do do do do do	22 1/2	23 1/2	24 1/2
Pacific coast, crop of 1884, fair to prime	22 1/2	23 1/2	24 1/2
do do do do do do do do do do do do	22 1/2	23 1/2	24 1/2

The Waterville Times says of the market in its last issue:

"Since Tuesday there has been a steady rise in price until one sale has been made at 22c per lb. for choice. Such a price is paid for 100 lbs. of the Hanover Farm growth; 30c and 21c is bid and paid on common to prime goods. The amount of hops changing hands is still small, as the bulk of growers will not accept present prices. Our local sale of shipments does not show a heavy business. The highest prices have been paid by outside parties, and to-day they do not pay so much. Home dealers are offering to-day 21 and 22c for choice. Nothing can be had at less than 21 cents and few at more than 22c as growers remain very firm."

The domestic receipts and exports and foreign imports of hops at New York compare as follows with the same dates of last season:

	1883	1884
Domestic receipts for the past week	3,674	3,674
For corresponding week in 1883	10,339	10,339
Since Sept. 1, 1884	10,339	10,339
Exports to Europe for the past week	1,318	1,318
For corresponding week in 1883	2,566	2,566
Since Sept. 1, 1884	2,566	2,566
For the same time in 1883	5,902	5,902
Imports from Europe for past week	304	304
For corresponding week in 1883	304	304
Since Sept. 1, 1884	304	304
For the same time in 1883	304	304

WOOL.

The wool markets at the east are still dragging along in a very unsatisfactory manner, the sales for the past week having been below an average, while values, except upon exceptionally desirable lots, are rather weaker. The trade has been further unsettled by failures among the manufacturers, and holders of wool are therefore not inclined to push sales when it can only be done by making concessions. Most of them, however, are beginning to pluck up courage since the Ohio election, as it looks as if wool would be worth something. In referring to the failures the U. S. Economist says:

"Never before in forty years did we hear of the suspension of so many large woolen mills in one week as we have to announce this. James Legg & Co., of Rhode Island, are said to have gone up for a large amount—\$300,000, it is reported. Jesse Eddy's Sons, of Fall River, a concern of sixty years' standing, have had to ask for an extension. We understand that the Bel Air Mfg. Co. of Pittsfield, have had to call a meeting of their creditors. O. F. Chase & Co., of Wilkesville, Conn., are said to be financially crippled, and another large cassimere mill, whose products are sold in this market, is mentioned as being also in a crippled condition."

"Verily this interest has become exceedingly languid and depressed. Not but the finest grades of native fleeces and pulled wools are called for at any time,

and heavy, burry, frowny wools can hardly be sold at profit or loss. Owing to the large stoppage of mills using poor wools the market for this class is in a chronic state of languor and depression."

At New York we note sales of 15,000 lbs. Ohio XX at 36c; 10,000 Michigan X at 30c; 5,000 lbs. New York X at 28c; 5,000 lbs. No. 1 fleece at 35c; 5,000 lbs. Territory blood combing at 31c; 15,000 lbs. California spring clip at 21c@22c.

Texas fall wools are beginning to arrive, and are said by Boston and New York traders to be heavy and earthy, and buyers decline to invest at prices at which they are held.

At Boston the past week the sales were 1,805,900 lbs. of domestic and 297,800 lbs. of foreign, against 2,47

Poetry

WHERE DO WRINKLES COME FROM?

"Where do the wrinkles come from?"
 And the joyous little Grace
 Looked gravely in the mirror
 At her rose-tinted face.

"Where do the wrinkles come from?"
 Why first, dear, I suppose,
 The heart lets in a sorrow,
 And then the wrinkles grow.

"Then anger comes a tapping,
 And the heart's door opens wide;
 Then hasten naughty envy
 And discontent and pride.

"And the wrinkles follow slowly;
 For the face has for its part
 To tell just what is doing
 Down in the secret heart.

"And the red lips lose their sweetness,
 And draw down so," said Grace;
 And the lovely youthful angel
 Goes slowly from the face."

"Watch the gate of the heart, my darling,
 For the heart is the dwelling place
 Of the magical angel of beauty,
 Whose smile is seen in the face."
 —Indianapolis Sentinel.

A RAINY DAY.

All through the long and dreary day
 Falls rain from skies of lead
 Upon thy grave, my own beloved,
 In "City of the Dead."

But from thy dreamless slumber deep
 May not waken thee;
 For e'en the voice of love is vain
 To call thee back to me.

I cannot still, by night or day,
 The longing, with its pain,
 To hear thy voice—no clasp thy hand—
 To see thy face again.

Thou—'I know thou art at rest,
 That peace and love are thine;
 But O my own the pain of loss—
 The dumb, deep woe—are mine.

And, groping through the shadowed way,
 But one sweet hope I see,
 A little while—a little while—
 And then for aye with thee!
 —Chicago Tribune.

CONSCIENCE.

Where four roads met an ancient sign-post stood,
 Its wisdom arms all lichened o'er and grey,
 Half fallen from their sockets through decay
 That daily triumphed o'er the crumbling wood:
 And though it lingered on in hardihood,
 'Twas but a relic of a by-gone day,
 For all its guiding words were worn away,
 With long neglect had vanished former good.

So, stationed at the cross-roads of the heart,
 In the true sign-post Conscience, clear and bright
 Which, at evening, ever points our way right:
 From which, neglected, day by day depart
 All grace and virtue, till at length it stands,
 A dull, dead sign, with empty, nerveless hands.
 —G. Weatherly.

Miscellaneous.

HOW I GOT RID OF MY MOTHER-IN-LAW.

I was young, very young, and walking the hospitals as a medical student, when I first became acquainted with Mrs. Dimply. She was a widow with five daughters, all of them charming, but the third, Rosa Matilda by name, quickly destroyed all my power of appreciating the attractions of her sisters. I was introduced to the family by a mutual friend, and from that time became a constant, too constant, visitor at their house. Once a fortnight merged into once a week, and once a week insensibly increased to twice, or even oftener. It was a pleasant house to visit, and we had remarkably jolly evenings. I was rather a favorite with the whole family, but the kindness of Mrs. Dimply was simply overwhelming. If I chanced to be a little late she would shake her ringlets at me, and remark in her deep voice, (she had a rich mellow voice, which always reminded me somehow of fruity port), "Late again, doctor; you naughty, naughty man. I suppose they couldn't spare you at the hospital. What a thing it is to be so clever!" Of course I wasn't a doctor, and the hospital could have done perfectly well without me, but it was very soothing. Then again I sang a song, Mrs. D. (who did so pity anybody who hadn't a soul for music) would sit enraptured, frowning fiercely and holding up a warning finger if any one ventured to interrupt. And when I had finished—"Dear me, Dr. Smithers, what a sweet song, and you sing it so charmingly! You must really give it to us over again. It's your own fault for singing it so nicely." And if the subject gave her the ghost of a chance she would make a little gulp in her throat, as it swallowed down a spasm of uncontrollable emotion, and wipe her eyes with the corner of her pocket-handkerchief. After supper, too, the way that she mixed my toddy was quite touching. She never put in less than four lumps of sugar (I like it sweet), and always took a sip herself with a spoon to make sure it was all right. On one or two occasions, when the water hadn't quite boiled, her self reproach was really painful. But these were halcyon days. I must proceed to the more prosaic portion of my narrative.

Time went on. I succeeded in passing my final examination, and became entitled to write myself M. R. C. S. Of course I rushed off at once to the Dimplys with the joyful intelligence. Mrs. D. shed tears and blessed me, and incited me to kiss the girls all round in honor of the occasion. I need hardly say I lavished myself of the suggestion, Rosa Matilda getting (if I may be allowed the expression) a Benjamin's portion. I think that evening brought matters to a crisis; at any rate, I found myself, about a week after, asking a private interview with Mrs. D., and pleading for the hand of Rosa Matilda. She was so very fond of the dear girl that I was terribly afraid (I was young you will remember) that I should be able to induce her to part with her; but, to my surprise and relief, she gave her consent without the slightest pressing, and, taking me into the drawing-room, introduced me to the girls (with much emotion) as their future brother. Of course I kissed them all round once more; Mrs. D. kissed me, re-

marking that I reminded her so much of dear Dimply. The departed D. (unless his portrait was a libel) had been a podgy little man, with a snub nose, and much marked with the small-pox; but I felt that the observation was intended as a compliment and accepted it accordingly.

Fortunately for myself, I was not entirely dependent on my profession, and after a brief engagement we were married. I pass over the wedding, which was pretty much like any other wedding. I think perhaps I got rather more than the average quantity of rice down my back, and we drove away with two white satin slippers (odd ones unfortunately) on the roof of the carriage. Mrs. D. was much affected at parting, entreating me to love and cherish her dear, dear girl, and was scarcely pacified even by my fervent assurance that I had every intention of doing so.

We spent three delicious weeks in the Isle of Wight and then took possession of our new home, a pretty little villa in St. John's Wood. We had been installed about ten days when an affectionate letter arrived from mamma-in-law, announcing her intention of coming to stay a week with us and see how we were getting on. It struck me that it was a little early for such a visit, but it would have been ungracious to make any objection. She arrived the same evening. Rosie was sitting on my knee, in point of fact when we heard mamma-in-law's cab stop at the door, and we ran out into the hall to welcome her. There she was, smiling and shaking her ringlets as playfully as ever, while the cabman was bringing in three trunks, two handboxes, and a huge brown paper parcel. My heart sank within me, but I was aroused by being deputed to pay the cabman, for which purpose the dear creature handed me 18 pence. Cabby demanded half a crown, and after a violent altercation, which made me very hot and uncomfortable, and brought out two cooks and a housemaid from adjoining houses to see the fun, I compounded with him for two shillings, which was his proper fare, paying the extra sixpence out of my own pocket. I got inside just in time to see the servants knock out two of the balusters with the biggest of the boxes. I implored them to be more careful, and they accordingly avoided the balusters, and thenceforth confined themselves to knocking holes in the wall and tearing jagged pieces out of the paper as far as the second floor. With this exception, nothing particularly distressing occurred that evening, but the very next morning mamma-in-law made her appearance at breakfast (rather late) in a flannel dressing-gown and curl papers. Now, if there is anything I hate more than a flannel dressing-gown it is curl papers, and if there is anything I hate more than curl papers it is a flannel dressing-gown. "I make myself quite at home, my dears, you see," was her first greeting, shaking her curl papers as she was wont to do her curls though by no means with the same effect. I thought she did, confound her, but I swallowed my annoyance, and ventured to hope she had slept well. No, if she must tell the truth, which I'm sure, not very well. She never did like those new-fangled spring mattresses. Nothing like her old-fashioned feather-bed at home for her. (The retort was obvious, but, of course, I didn't make it.) And then again, she couldn't help thinking that the sheets were not quite aired, and there was certainly a draught from the left-hand window. I promised that all these little matters should be seen to, and asked if I might help her to an egg or a rasher of bacon. "Thank you, no, I'm really afraid—eggs make me bilious, and bacon always disagrees with me; but if you happen to have such a thing as a bloater in the house now—" Of course we didn't happen to have such a thing in the house, but I promised that our establishment should be kept permanently provided with bloaters for the future, and the dear woman kindly accepted three pork sausages as a temporary substitute. (I may mention incidentally that I ordered a quarter of a hundred of real Ray mouth for her the very same day. She ate two of them, and then discovered that bloaters made her so dreadfully thirsty. No other member of our household cared for them, and the remaining 23, after giving a sort of sea air to the establishment for a fortnight, were ultimately given to the milkman.)

The first thing after breakfast the dear creature said sweetly, "Now, Rosie, my love, give me your keys and I'll set your store cupboard to rights for you. I don't intend you to be bothered with any house-keeping during the week or two I am with you." Mark the delicate crescendo—she only said one week at first, but now, it had got a week or two. My poor little wife looked rather crestfallen, for she enjoyed the discharge of her new duties as mistress, but the habit of obedience was still strong, and she was about to hand over the insignia of authority when I came to the rescue: "No, no, mamma! that won't do. Rosie makes a capital little housekeeper, and I want her to have as much practice as possible. She must bustle about more than ever during the short time that you are here (I thought that was rather neatly put), so that she may have the full benefit of your experience." Rosie gave me a grateful look, and pocketed the keys again, while Mrs. D. tried to look as if she didn't mind in the least, and wagged her curl papers more playfully than ever.

I started on my daily round, to look in at the hospital and call on my few patients, and did not return until dinner time. My little wife came out to meet me in the hall with by no means her usual smiling face; indeed, it struck me that her eyes were a little red. I did not make any remark until we were left alone. Then I inquired the cause. The poor little woman tried hard to maintain her composure, but it did not until after she had a good cry on my shoulder that I extracted from her, by degrees, that mamma had been "going on" at her so, telling her that she did pretty nearly everything wrong, that she felt quite discouraged and miserable. I comforted her as best I

could. The dinner, for the first time since our marriage, was a failure; and Mrs. D. did not improve matters by remarking, in her sweetest manner, that she feared all along it would be so. If dear Rosie had only taken her advice, and hadn't done this, and had done that, and had been a little more particular about something else, all would have been as it should be. Of course I took my wife's part, and testified with some warmth that up to that day the cookery had always been perfection. Mrs. D. drew herself up, and for the remainder of the meal retired within herself, from which dignified but constrained position it took three glasses of my best Madeira to extricate her.

We had hitherto been accustomed to have a little music every evening, but we were debarred from that pleasure by Mrs. D. taking possession of the sofa in the drawing-room and going to sleep immediately after dinner. It struck me that if she objected to the sound of the piano she might as well betake herself to some other room, and I tried a few chords, to see if she would take the hint and retire, but she merely opened her eyes with the air of a saint in the act of martyrdom, and faintly remarked that she feared one of her dreadful headaches was coming on again. Of course, under such circumstances, music was out of the question, and my reading aloud to my wife, which was another of our enjoyments, was equally tabooed. In desperation I hinted to Rosie that we had better return to the dining-room, but the sleeping beauty on the sofa languidly opened her eyes and said, "Pray keep me company, my dears; I assure you you don't disturb me in the least," which, if snoring is a sign of undisturbed repose, we certainly didn't. She continued to doze for the remainder of the evening, but if by any chance I pressed my wife's hand, or ventured on any other conjugal endearment, one eye of the sleeper would slowly open, and gaze at me with an expression—I really hardly know what expression, but the effect was awful. Nobody who hasn't tried it can imagine the nameless horror, the uncanny and witchlike fascination, that is contained in the steadfast gaze of a single eye, particularly if that eye belongs to a mother-in-law.

The evening came to an end at last, and was followed by several others, as like it as possible. My wife and I, who had been accustomed to make sweet music together, or to sit, side by side and hand in hand, on the sofa, enjoying the last new magazine, now sat in gnomes on opposite sides of the fireplace, hardly venturing to talk above our breath for fear of disturbing mamma-in-law, whose nasal oblique kept up a smooth, droning burr, occasionally interspersed by rapid snorts, like corks drawn in quick succession. As we could no longer enjoy our evenings at home, I determined to make an effort to enjoy them abroad, and accordingly announced to Rosie at dinner-time one day that I intended to treat her to the ballad concert at St. James' Hall that evening. Mamma-in-law, who no longer cared for music when it could be had gratis on the premises, was immediately seized with an intense desire to hear that dear Signor somebody or other, and accordingly I had to take her, too. I must own that she offered to pay for herself, but on my saying politely that I could not possibly allow her to do so, she yielded without a murmur. An evening at the opera had a similar result, and I found that she would sit out a lecture on the driest subject in the whole range of science, say protoplasm or cataplasms, or even go down in the diving bell with us, rather than let us go alone. In the day-time matters were little better. I myself was generally out all the morning, but poor Rosie was so lectured, and instructed, and advised, all in the sweetest (and most aggravating) manner that she began to look quite haggard and worried. Our cook, a really valuable person, with whom we had been much pleased, had given warning four days after Mrs. Dimply's arrival, stating unreservedly that two "misuses" in one house were one too many for her. And I cordially sympathized with her.

The "week or two" had expanded into three, and the three into four, and still there was no sign of mamma-in-law's departure. Indeed, she had begun to talk of "her room," and to make little alterations in the furniture, which betokened a very lengthened visit. I now began to understand why she had taken such a warm interest in the upholstering of the spare room. I remember her telling Rosie that a tastefully furnished spare room gave such a "style" to a house. I began to wish the spare room at Jericho, or even farther. But relief was at hand, and it came from a most unexpected quarter indeed, in a shape which at first sight seemed to threaten an aggravation of our grievance. I have no doubt a disciple of Hahnemann would claim it as a great exemplification of homeopathic principles. It certainly was a case of similia similibus curantur. But the reader shall judge for himself.

I don't think I have yet mentioned that I myself have a mother living, a good old soul, without any of Mrs. Dimply's town-bred graces, but with a remarkably keen old lady, and Yorkshire to the backbone. Mrs. Dimply had been with us just four weeks when one morning I received a telegram as follows:

From Mrs. Smithers, Hunslet, Leeds.
 To H. A. Smithers, M. R. C. S., 17 Jessamine
 Villas, St. John's Wood, N. W.

Letters just to hand from Brodby & Grigg, saying I must come up to town at once. Shall rely on you to give me a bed. Meet me at station at seven.

I should here explain that my mother was interested in a chancery suit, under which she was entitled to a share of some considerable property, and that Messrs. Brodby & Grigg were her lawyers. For the moment I did not know what to do. It would never do to send the dear old lady to a hotel, and yet our only spare room was occupied! What on earth was to be done? After a little reflection I decided to do nothing at all, but to let our two visitors settle the matter between themselves. They were both self-invited guests. We had only one room to give them, and they must share it. We, at any rate, should be doing all in our power, and they must make the best of the ar-

rangment. Mrs. Dimply was out when the telegram arrived; but at dinner time I broke to her, as gently as I could, that my mother was coming to town unexpectedly, and would have to share her room.

"Dear me," she said; "I'm afraid that will be very inconvenient for both parties. And I am such a very light sleeper! Couldn't it be arranged for Mrs. Smithers to sleep at a hotel? I don't mind on my own account in the least, but I should think it would be so much more comfortable for her." I explained that my mother, being country bred and unused to London ways, would feel nervous in a strange house; but if Mrs. Dimply thought it necessary I would secure a room for her at a hotel. This suggestion did not meet her views at all. "Oh dear no, don't think of such a thing on my account," she said. "I suppose your mother won't stay very long, and we must make the best of it. I dare say we shan't quarrel," she added, with her accustomed sweetness.

Seven o'clock came, and I met my mother at the Great Northern station. On our way homeward I told her that she must excuse our only being able to give her half a bed, as Rosa's mother was staying with us.

"What's that for?" she said in surprise.

"Rosa isn't ill, is she?"

"Oh dear no," I said. "She never was better, I am happy to say."

"Then is she so weak or so foolish that she must always be tied to her mother's apron string? I suppose it's her doing?"

"Oh dear no," I said. "Mrs. Dimply invited herself, and between you and me I think poor Rosa is as tired of her company as I am, but of course she doesn't like to be unkind."

"Un-fiddlestick!" said my mother. "That's how the land lies it is! And how long has she been with you?"

"Four weeks," I said.

"My poor, dear boy! why, she must have taken possession the very first week after you got home."

"Not quite that," I said, "but very soon after."

"Hum!" said my mother, "and she and I are to occupy the same room, are we? Very good. If I don't make things lively for her my name's not Betsy Smithers! You leave it to me."

"But what do you intend to do?" I said.

"Never you mind, you just leave it to me." And not another word could I get out of her.

On reaching home my mother kissed Rosa with great affection, and the two mothers-in-law saluted each other with ceremonious politeness. I hardly knew why, but they reminded me somehow of pugilists at a sparring match shaking hands before they begin to punch one another's heads.

"It's a curious coincidence, Mrs. Dimply," said my mother, beaming amiably through her spectacles, "that you and I should have hit on the very same day to come and visit these young people."

This was a gentle facet, but Mrs. Dimply came up smiling. "Oh, I have been here—some days," she replied.

"Mamma came on the 20th of last month," interjected Rosa, who wasn't going to have any mistake upon that subject.

"Dear me, so long as that!" said my mother, lifting her eyebrows. "Don't your other daughters miss you very much, Mrs. Dimply?"

"Well, they are beginning to complain a little. In fact I was only saying this morning that as soon as dear Rosa can spare me I really must take my departure." (If she had said anything of the kind I'm a Dutchman, but of course we didn't contradict her.)

"No doubt it is very nice for Rosa to have you," (Rosa made a little face at me, privately, over her mamma's shoulder, "but I think myself that the sooner young people get out of leading strings the better. Nothing teaches housekeeping like a few mistakes to begin with.")

"Yes, perhaps so," said Mrs. Dimply; "but dear Rosa is so very inexperienced."

"No doubt," said my mother, still more sweetly. "I suppose all young wives are at first starting. But the inexperienced soon rubs off if they are left to their own devices. Never fear, Rosa, my dear, you'll soon learn your business if you are left alone."

Mrs. Dimply looked uncomfortable and changed the subject, rather to my own relief. We had supper that evening, my mother being in the habit of dining at mid-day, and soon after the cloth was removed Mrs. Dimply, complaining that she felt tired, went to bed. My mother sat chatting for an hour or so longer, and then she, too, wished us good night and retired.

I felt a little anxious as to how the old and new tenants of the spare room would get on together, their habits being as unlike as well could be. Mrs. Dimply was, if I may be permitted the expression, rather "stuffy" in her ways. She liked a fire in her bedroom and warm water to wash with, and was dreadfully afraid of draughts. My mother affected cold baths, slept with her window open summer and winter, and always declared that she could not breathe in a close room. Mrs. Dimply liked to lie in bed in the morning, and found it hard work to get down stairs in time for a nine o'clock breakfast. My mother set her alarm for five in the summer and six in the winter, and did a couple of hours work of some kind or other before breakfast. I did not know how far she would transplant her country habits to London, but the next morning, punctually at six, Rosa and I were awakened by a sound like a sky rocket of the largest size suddenly going off in the adjoining room.

"Good gracious! what's that dreadful noise!" said Rosa.

"That's mother's pet alarm," I said, laughing. "She would never forgive herself if she didn't get up at her usual time."

"But what about my poor mother," said Rosa, laughing in her turn. "She'll be frightened out of her senses."

"Oh, she'll get used to it after a day or two, and perhaps we shall have her down in proper time for breakfast, which is more than she has been for the last three mornings."

"Ah—um!" said Rosa.

"What did you say?" I inquired, but I found she had gone to sleep again.

When we went down to breakfast my mother was already in the dining room. Rosa asked her how she had slept.

"Capitally, my dear," she said, "thank you. I can always sleep well. But I'm afraid your mamma did not have a very good night. Between ourselves, she was a little indiscreet at supper, and she has suffered for it."

As she spoke, Mrs. Dimply appeared, fully dressed, but with a Shetland shawl tied round her head, and looking the picture of misery. "I am sorry to hear you are not very well, Mrs. Dimply," I said. "What is the matter?" "The matter! Why, that dreadful open window, to be sure, with an injured glance at my mother. "It has given me one of my worst neuralgic headaches."

It appeared that my mother on going to bed found Mrs. Dimply already asleep. The ventilation being, according to her notions, insufficient, she had opened one of the windows about six inches at the top, and kept it so all night.

"You don't really think it was the window?" said my mother sweetly. "Let me assure you that you are mistaken. I must show you some day what the celebrated Dr. Dillwater says in his book, 'Ventilation and Vitality.' Dr. Dillwater says it's absolutely idiotic, not to say criminal, to sleep with one's windows shut. Why, I sleep with my bedroom window open every night of my life, and look at me!"

"Perhaps you have an exceptionally strong constitution," suggested poor Mrs. Dimply.

"Oh dear no, not at all! rather the reverse. I am naturally delicate, but I study the laws of health. If you break the laws of health you must pay the fine, you know. Now, if I might venture, Mrs. Dimply, I could tell you exactly the cause of your headache. Of course it was not for me to interfere, but I was quite sure last night that you would have a headache this morning."

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Dimply, faintly.

"Yes, indeed. It was—you're sure you'll forgive me for speaking plainly!—it was those pickled onions at supper. Pickled onions, and hot whisky and water to follow! They're both very nice, I admit; but at our time of life" (Mrs. Dimply was quite as old as my mother, but wouldn't have owned to it by ten years) "we are compelled to be careful. If not, as I said before, we have to pay the penalty. Now, will you let me prescribe for you—I am a capital doctor, I assure you. Just one Coddle's pill, (I can give you one if you like), and it'll put you to rights directly. But you must really get in the way of sleeping with your window open, if you wish to enjoy good health."

"Your remedies are too heroic for me," said poor Mrs. Dimply, shaking her head. "And that dreadful alarm! I declare I haven't got over the fright it gave me yet."

"Did it really startle you?" said my mother. "Now, do you know I am so used to it that I hardly notice it. It does just wake me, and that's all."

"Startle me! The horrid thing frightened me so that I am shaking still. I thought the house was falling down at the very least, and as to getting to sleep again after that, it was out of the question."

"I assure you you won't mind it in the least after a few days," said my mother amiably. "I believe it does strike strangers as a little loud, but it's really nothing when you're used to it. You'll find it won't sound half so loud to-morrow morning."

"I trust I shan't be within hearing of it to-morrow morning. The girls are wanting me dreadfully at home, and if Rosa will excuse me I think I shall go to day. Now that Rosa has got you to advise her, Mrs. Smithers, I am really not needed."

"Rosa will rub along, I dare say, though I shan't trouble her with any advice, unless it is specially asked for. But I am very sorry you are obliged to go as soon, Mrs. Dimply, just as we were beginning to know one another. I am sure we should have got on so nicely together. But I do hope it's only a pleasure deferred."

"I hope so, I'm sure," said Mrs. Dimply politely, though I am sadly afraid she didn't.

"I'll tell you what," said my mother, her face brightening as if one of Mr. Burnand's "happy thoughts" had just struck her. "The next time, Mrs. Dimply, you come to stay with Rosa for a few days, Adolphus shall let me know, and I'll come and keep you company. You promise, Adolphus, don't you?"

"I do, mother," I said with fervor.

"That's right, it's an understood thing. I'll be with you the very same day, or the day after at latest. And we'll sleep with the window open every night, Mrs. Dimply, and get up at six in the morning, and in less than a fortnight you shall be as fat and rosy as I am. But you really mustn't eat any more pickled onions for supper."

Mrs. Dimply packed up her three boxes, and was out of the house before luncheon. The parting between her and my mother was quite affecting, the regret of the latter at losing her so soon being only tempered by the prospect (on which she laid considerable stress) of a nice long visit, to be enjoyed together at an early date.

The cab drove from the door, my mother waving her last adieu from the doorstep. I could almost have imagined that there was a twinkle in her eyes as she returned to the hall. She then descended to the kitchen, and after a brief absence returned with the intelligence that the cook had thought better of it and consented to stay. Her next proceeding was to produce an A B C Guide and to begin to calculate trains.

"But you are not leaving us surely?" began Rosa. "I do hope, now you are here, you will stay a week or two with us."

"You're very kind to say so, my dear, but I'd rather not, all the same! The business on which I came up to town will be completed this afternoon, and to-morrow morning I shall start homeward again."

Rosa began a little complimentary pressing, but the old lady stopped her—

"No my dear, there's an old fashioned proverb 'two are company and three are none,' and I've a notion that the saying is never truer than about husband and wife. I have a great respect for mothers-in-law, (naturally so, being a mother-in-law myself), but it's possible to have too much even of a good thing. I'll pay you a flying visit once in a way, never fear, but I won't stay at present. Besides, now your dear mother is gone, (here her eyes twinkled again,) "I have really no inducement to stay. It's a pity; we should have been such nice companions to each other. But don't forget our agreement! I'm a woman of my word—the very next time she comes to pay you a staying visit let me know, and I'll come too."

Five years have passed away, and a young family is springing up around us. My mother frequently writes to us, and never fails to send an affectionate message to Mrs. Dimply, inquiring when she will be ready to pay the long-promised joint visit. But she isn't ready yet!—
 Temple Bar.

"IN THE DEVIL'S NAME."

Early in the morning of a severe winter day, as the concierge of a very high and narrow dwelling in the neighborhood of St. Madeleine's, Paris, was industriously engaged in the pursuit of his business as shoe cobbler, he was disturbed by the sudden violent ringing of the door bell.

Monsieur Jean Joyeuse angrily threw his neighbor's boot from his lap, rose hastily and opened the door, bringing a tolerably vexed mein to view, which, however, immediately made place to an obeisance, as he saw before him a gentleman of fine presence, who was the possessor of a head of remarkably black hair.

"There is a room to be let here?" asked the stranger.

Monsieur Joyeuse assented with another bow. The stranger wished to see the apartment. Jean remarked most politely that he had three rooms to let—one in the first story, another in the second, and still another higher up in the mansard.

"Then lead me to the mansard room."

"He will rent the mansard room," thought Monsieur Joyeuse, and prepared, in spite of the stranger's elegance, to lose all respect for him, when, by some accidental movement, the overcoat of the black-haired gentleman parted upon his breast, and the landlord spied the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor in the button hole of his frock coat.

Monsieur Jean was now in one of those situations when one does not know what to say.

At last he stammered forth that the attic room was not fitted for such a gentleman. The stranger made an impatient gesture, and said, shortly:

"Prepare the room, and in the course of the forenoon I will move in."

With these words he drew forth his purse and gave a napoleon as earnest money. Jean then saw him enter an equipage near the church and rattle away.

Monsieur and Madame Joyeuse had ample leisure in the succeeding hours, which they devoted to the cleaning of the garret room, to give themselves up to the consideration of the question in how far a Knight of the Legion of Honor could maintain his dignity in the eyes of respectable people, after becoming the inhabitant of a mansard room of the worst description.

"He is a cheat, a swindler, a counterfeiter," decided Joyeuse. But Madame, who had been formerly a flower girl, and was of romantic temperament, scented a Don Juan, who had his designs.

This delightful dialogue by no means interrupted the work. The spiders were driven away, the dim window panes were polished, and the boards cleanly scrubbed.

This was hardly accomplished as the mysterious stranger drove up, accompanied by a servant. This latter carried a gloomy looking black casket, resembling a child's coffin in size and form. This was the only baggage the servant carried into the new dwelling, Monsieur Joyeuse gave his wife a significant glance, and whispered aside to her: "A murderer!" Then he asked the servant what the coffin contained. The latter smiled cunningly and answered that he did not know. Monsieur Joyeuse was sure he had guessed aright, and this creature was in understanding with his master. Suspicion, curiosity, and anxiety increased to extremity in the breasts of this worthy pair as the stranger sat, abruptly:

"Monsieur Jean, you are to admit only one gentleman to see me."

"Very well, sir; but how am I to know him?"

"By the countersign, 'In the Devil's name!'"

Monsieur Jean's tongue was paralyzed, and Madame's conviction that a Don Juan was before her was considerably shaken.

The stranger, however, calmly serene, ascended to his chamber.

The worthy conjugal pair had hardly recovered from their fright when the bell jingled again, and a second stranger appeared, a man of most lowering aspect, with dark glances and still darker bushy eyebrows.

"Did a gentleman move here to-day?"

"Yes; but he receives no one."

"He will receive me. Let me in. I come in the Devil's name!"

The porter caught up a few crumbs from the conversation.

"Courage! courage!" Jean heard him say. "He recognized his lodger's voice."

"But it is so hard to play the Devil's part!"

"Ah! a contract with the Evil One! thought Monsieur Jean, and shuddered. "But only consider," began the lodger, "how effective it is, especially when we call the dead from their graves—when the summons to Satan and his host, the answer from the chorus of assembled devils—"

Monsieur Joyeuse had heard enough. The villains should not make his household den of evil. The police must be informed immediately. The Commissaire heard Monsieur Jean's horrible recital with amazement. He, with two constables, was soon upon the scene.

"In the name of the King, open," commanded the Commissaire.

The door was immediately opened.

"What is your name? Who are you?"

"Giacomo Meyerbeer."

"And you?"

"Lavaiseur, first bass of the grand opera."

The Commissaire at once divined the truth, but he asked what they were practicing.

"We are studying the role of 'Balthazar' in 'Robert the Devil,' a new opera which will soon be produced. In order to be undisturbed I rented this room," answered Meyerbeer, smiling.

"But the coffin! the coffin!" cried Monsieur Joyeuse, still incredulous. The two musicians laughed aloud.

"A simple violin case," said the composer, gazing with amazement on the looks of poor Jean.

"You are a blockhead!" said the Commissaire to the disconcerted landlord, turning, he begged most humbly to be pardoned his intrusion. Then he withdrew.

A couple of weeks after, Monsieur and Madame Joyeuse had, through the gift of a couple of tickets, the pleasure of witnessing the first representation of the famous opera.

As Lavaiseur, in the macabrous scene gave vent to the profound depths of his voice, Jean could not refrain from saying to his Lucy: "I maintain it—he is the devil, after all."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

How to Avoid Colds.

An eminent London physician, Dr. Graham, is reported as having said some things on the subject of colds, and what are in the main accordant with rational and hygienic views. For instance:

"It is not a correct practice, after cold is caught, to make the room a person sits in much warmer than usual. Increase the quantity of bed-clothes, wrap up in flannel and drink a large quantity of hot tea, gruel, or other slops, because will invariably increase the feverishness, and in the majority of instances produce rather than lessen, the duration of the cold. It is well known that confining the occluded persons in warm rooms make their smallpox more violent, augmenting the general heat and fever; and it is for the same reason that a similar practice in the present complaint is attended with analogous results, a cold being in reality a slight fever. In some parts of England, among the lower orders of the people, a large glass of cold spring water, taken on going to bed, is supposed to be a successful remedy, and, in many medical practitioners recommended, reduced a miasma, and frequent draughts of cold fluid as the most efficacious remedy for a recent cold, particularly when the patient's habit is 'full and phlegmatic.'"

THE PIANO NEXT DOOR.

They have got a piano next door.
A new one, I think, by the sound—
Like a harp, a tin shop, a hardware store,
A picture-line dring, a howling roar,
With a key of spits spilled on the ground:
The daughter is learning to play.
And she runs up and down on the scale—
With her feet, she is tempted to say,
With patient hands keeps the keying time on the way
While she drags the house-cats by the tail!

Like Death, all seasons are hers,
And she practices day and night;
She is up in the morning before the house starts,
And she rumbles and rattles and bangs and whirrs,
And she goes on in her dreams with flight!

What is it? "Upright," or "Square,"
Or "Grand," thus to torture our ears?
Her notes are protested now everywhere;
Her "touch," like an Indian's, will raise men's
hair,
And her "Method" calls forth our tears!

They have got the piano next door;
They don't hang out the red flag;
So house-holders, seeing, may skip the bore,
To find quiet places where they may snore,
With no music their souls to tag!

The Rise and Fall of Judges.

Judge William Carter, of Sheboygan, Wis., and Judge Caswell Marks of Selma, Ala., were both natives of Lexington, Ky. In boyhood they had jammed the same cat's head into the same milk pitcher, stolen peaches from the same tree, got trounced by the same farmers, and were otherwise intimately friends, and then afterward chums at college, and then errand boys in the same office. Later in life they parted, and rose to sublime honors in their separate places. Last January they met for the first time since their parting, in Lexington, and brewed a convivial bowl in honor of the event. About mid-night, full of affection and enthusiasm, they retired in the same bed. It was a huge affair, standing in the middle of the room and capable of being drawn up by ropes to the ceiling while the room was being cleaned. It was a very cold night, and they placed their clothing on the foot of the bed. Just after they fell asleep four friends entered softly, drew the bed by the ropes nearly to the ceiling, and left them thus suspended about ten feet from the floor. They then locked the door outside and retired.

At 3 A. M. Judge Carter woke with that species of thirst which usually comes after Kentucky punch and technically known as "hot coppers." Leaping out of bed to get the ice pitcher he went whirling down ten feet, alighting with a soul-stirring thump on all fours.

There was a long and painful pause. Then he peered upward through the darkness and called:
"Caswell!"
"O Caswell!"
"Feelble cries!"
"Cuz!"
"Eh?—um?—what?" The Judge was awakening.
"I have fallen through a trap," yelled the now affrighted Judge; "get up and light a candle!"
"Where are you?" queried Judge Carter sleepily, framing his opinion that his honorable brother was drunk.
"Down here. Fell through a trap. Don't get out on my side of the bed."
"All right," and Judge Marks springing out on his own side, turned three somersaults and landed on the small of his back. Both were now convinced they had fallen into a den of thieves, and were possibly to be murdered. The jokers had closed the heavy wooden shutters so no light could enter, and removed all the furniture. The Judges groped around on hands and knees, nearly frozen to death, and only at daybreak discovered the bed, dimly lit and got warm enough to talk the thing over.

There were recently two temperance societies started under glorious auspices. The headquarters of one is at Selma; the other at Sheboygan.

A Very Venerable Steed.

John Billings tells this story of a young man who had just graduated from college, and whose father was a minister. The old man said:
"Now you've been to a heap of trouble, and it's cost a good deal of money and time. What are you going to do?"
"I am going to be a veterinary surgeon," he replied.
"A veterinary surgeon—a horse doctor. The horse is one of the noblest animals in the world, father, and he hasn't many friends. I am going to study him, and help him. I can't help him. I believe it is just as good a business as any."
So, in spite of all his father's talking, the boy studied up all the old horse books he could find, read up on each case; practised what he could, and in a year was quite an adept.

Then the parish made his father a present of a horse. The parish was greatly delighted. The people had paid a good price for the horse, and the old gentleman was anxious to have the judgment of his son on the animal. Taking him into the stable, he asked his boy to look him over, which he did, carefully, shaking his head at every examination. At last he said:
"Father, the poor horse doesn't amount to anything."
"Why, my son, the horse is quite as good an animal as the one on which our Master rode on earth."
As he said this, the boy had just finished examining the horse's mouth in order to determine his age. The old man repeated his sentence:
"Just as good a horse as the one our Master rode into Jerusalem."
"Father," said the boy, "it's the same one!"

A Buffalo's Tail.

On Tuesday a party, consisting of Henry Kelly, Thomas Brown, and J. M. Ross, drove out to Stony Mountain to see Mr. Bedson's menagerie and view the premises generally. The buffalo attracted Mr. Kelly's attention particularly. In an enclosure was an old bull, solitary and alone. Mr. Kelly thought he would like to fraternize with the monarch of the plains and pat him pleasantly on the back. He accordingly leaped into the enclosure with a cheerful smile and ap-

proached the gloomy brute with an easy nonchalance that made him the envy of the spectators. In the meantime Mr. Ross and Mr. Brown, on the other side of the fence, winked unostentatiously at each other and waited for developments. Presently they came. Mr. Kelly loafed dreamily up to the bull, called him a pet name or two and patted him on the back. The buffalo eyed him for a moment or two with stoical indifference and then made a lightning pass for him with his horns, one of which pierced Mr. Kelly's leg and ripped off about sixteen inches of cuticle, together with a little raw flesh.

The scene was instantly changed. Mr. Kelly struck for the fence at a Maud's gait, and the bull gathered himself to gether for another charge. In the meantime Mr. Brown, fearing mischief to his friend, leaped recklessly into the arena and grabbed the animal by the tail. This distracted the bull's attention from Mr. Kelly and gave that gentleman time to climb over the fence. The trouble was now to get Mr. Brown out of the dilemma. The bull was getting warmed up and had a decidedly belligerent aspect. Mr. Brown dare not let go of the animal's tail, because the bull would instantly have turned the other end toward him, in which case Mr. Brown felt that the situation would be exceedingly awkward. So he hung on to the tail, and every time the bull turned Mr. Brown would turn, too.

Meanwhile Mr. Ross, Mr. Kelly, Mr. Bedson, and old John took up reserved seats on the fence and encouraged Mr. Brown to hold on, as it was only a question of a day or two when the bull would become tired out. Mr. Brown did not require much encouragement, however. He felt that the necessities of the hour were such that he could not afford to let go. Finally, the now infuriated animal and his tormentor approached the fence, when Mr. Brown, to the utter disgust of the spectators, suddenly let go of the tail and passed over the fence like a streak of lightning. He was saved.—*Manitoba Free Press.*

Codfish in Norway.

I sing of codfish and their liver's oil, for codfish is the daily and sole theme of all the dwellers on this western coast of Norway. They eat codfish, they drink codfish, they manure with codfish, in short they live upon codfish in both senses of the word. The great resort of the codfish is the banks of the Lofoden Islands, about 76 deg north latitude. Hither they come in millions twice a year, and, strange to say, in the greatest numbers in the month of February, for the Gulf Stream sets strongly along this coast and, very rarely are the fords frozen in these high northern latitudes.

There are codfish and there are codfish. The genuine fish is migratory, and puts in an appearance only twice a year on these banks. Then he disappears, and the fisherman say that he is gone to sea. But the dwellers at home, the smaller codfish, which can be caught at any time and up in whom millions of gulls feed, are a much inferior article.

It is estimated that fifty millions of codfish are taken off this coast every year. The government stations vessels at certain central points, and it is the duty of every fisherman to report his catch as he passes. This report does not include what he and his crew may eat. The men fish in open boats in mid-winter and of course are much exposed to the weather and suffer consequently from rheumatism. As their fathers did, so do they. We were shown at Christiania the ship of a Viking, late dug up from a mound, where he and his ship, and his dogs, and his horses, and his jewels were buried. It is an open boat, about thirty feet long and ten feet wide, and beautifully proportioned. They built in Norway on the same lines now. It had a great square sail, and a bank of oars on each side passing through holes. There was absolutely no protection from the weather but an awning, and necessarily they could not use this in rough weather. In these open boats those hardy pirates made their descents upon the coasts of England and France, and even penetrated into the Mediterranean, while their historians contend that they crossed to Greenland and discovered America. The medical men of Christiania have studied the Viking's bones, and find that he was not more than 50 years of age, about six feet tall, and that he died of rheumatism in the hip joint. But to return to our codfish.

A very large number of cod are sold to be eaten fresh, but the greater part are dried and sent to all parts of the world. When a boat comes in, the fish are given to the women. They clean them, cut off their heads and tails, take out their bones and hang the fish under the house or fish houses, where they may dry; for the fish houses are built upon piles for this purpose. A handy woman will make \$1.35 a day cleaning fish.

The intestines are thrown away, but the head and tail, and the bones, are dried and sold to the mills to be turned into fish guano. It is a curious sight to see a Norwegian vessel laden with dry codfish. They are piled up like shingles, on the deck, and look very much like them, but the nose can detect the difference when the eye fails. These vessels have an immense square sail, as their forefathers' vessels had a thousand years ago. It is hoisted by strong arms, and many of them, for your true Norwegian scorns a windlass, or any modern mechanical contrivance. At the bow stands an upright post, rising some ten feet, that the steersman may see it above the deck load of fish or lumber, and know how to direct his course.

But the "precious jewel" of the cod, lies in his liver. There are cod-liver factories on the Lofoden Islands and on the Main. Two hundred thousand gallons of cod-liver oil are manufactured here, annually. It is shipped to all parts of the world, and even to the United States, for I regret to state that the Norwegian cod-liver oil is better than our own, and this is the reason: it appears that the liver should be taken from the fish within half an hour after he is caught, and should be thrown into the kettle within twelve hours; then it is perfectly sweet, later it is rancid. Our cod fishermen, fishing on the banks of Newfoundland, have a long

distance to go, even if the factory is on the shores of that island while here the fisherman takes his fish almost at his door, and a night's sail brings him to the factory.

A fresh cod liver is a tid-bit for a king, or even for a Parisian, who is better fed than most kings, especially when the king makes a contract with his cook, as some kings do, and pays him so much per diem for himself and court. But a liver twenty-four hours old is simply uneatable. The liver is wonderfully full of oil. Three pounds of liver will make two of oil.—*Forest and Stream.*

The "Grain Lady."

The Minneapolis Tribune says: "Mr. Moses engaged Mrs. J. M. Palmer of this county to prepare a design of some kind and decorate it with the products of Dakota soil. Last Saturday Mr. Moses invited us to accompany him to his office and he would introduce us to the 'Queen of the Prairies,' or the 'Grain Lady.' Imagine our surprise on entering the room to be met face to face by what seemed to be a lady dressed in the height of fashion, in a suit of rich, golden-hued material, which proved to be grain and grasses, ornamented by flowers, etc. A minute description of the arrangement of the dress will be interesting, and we made a close inspection of it that we might tell what a Dakota lady can do. The figure was that of a lady of medium height and well proportioned. Upon her head was a crown, the band of which was made of wild flowers and buds; it was about two inches in width. Rising above the band was a crest of wild grass heads of various kinds and colors, tastefully arranged so as to blend the different shades, beneath which the unbound tresses of golden hair hung full down to the waist, and were composed of fine grasses, almost as fine in texture as human hair, while over her forehead the fastidious lady all-wed her bangs to drop down over her eyebrows. The eyes were of a dark, hazel color, and remarkably bright. Her basque was made of oat straw, which formed a trimming about the bottom of the basque. Over the shoulders dropped a cape of wheat heads. Let it be borne in mind that all the wheat and oat straws were united by threads and laid close one to the other, presenting the appearance of a closely woven fabric. Over each shoulder was a spray of colored grasses, sprouting from an epaulet of black sunflower seeds. A fichu of fine colored grasses was thrown about the neck and bound down at the waist by a belt of gray colored sunflower seeds. She wore a necklace and pendant of the same kind of seeds of natural color. A bouquet of light colored flowers was pinned on the left breast. The skirt was indeed beautiful, and made with three flounces. The lower one was of wheat straw, over which was one of oats, while the upper flounce was composed of wheat. On all three of the flounces the heads of the grain formed a border of trimming. The front was covered by colored fine grass, revers being held back by a buckle of black sunflower seeds. The sleeves of the basque were of oats and the full heads dropped as gracefully about the fair arms as does the richest lace which adorn the devotees of fashion. In her left hand she carried a bouquet of wild flowers and ferns. The right arm is bent at the elbow, bringing the hand directly in front of the figure. In this hand is a bunch of flax buds, while perched upon the wrist is a prairie pigeon, taxidermized by Mrs. Palmer."

Webster on Bunker Hill.

As a boy clinging to his father's arm I stood on Bunker Hill, where stood at the same time most of Massachusetts—in fact, most of the American nation, if reckoned by quality—and listened to Daniel Webster when the top stone of the monument was laid. That experience was in the power of a single sentence, and that a sentence which probably does not appear in any of Mr. Webster's published works. The oration had not yet begun, and the vast crowd, pressing to get near the orator, finally in their impetuousity pushed back the lines of military, and as in my vicinity, the guards held their muskets horizontally against the breasts of the people, they were swept away by the crowd, who knocked up their muskets, hitting breech and bayonet right and left, and pouring forth in such masses as threatened to trample those in front to death. In vain the master of ceremonies entreated them to fall back, for there was an oceanic swell behind that fairly flung them in advance toward the stand. At last he begged Mr. Webster himself to come forward and plead with the tumultuous crowd. He arose, advanced a step or two toward us and said: "Gentlemen, you must fall back!" Mr. Webster, it is impossible! It is quite impossible, Mr. Webster!" shouted a thousand voices at once. Then the Jupiter Tonans burst forth. Raising his arm and his voice, as his burning eye flashed over the excited multitude before him, he exclaimed: "Gentlemen, nothing is impossible to Americans on Bunker Hill!" A great shout thundered through those thronging thousands, and they surged back like waves from the shore. That was eloquence; or rather, to use Webster's immortal language, it was "something higher, nobler than all eloquence—action, noble, sublime, God-like action."

Tired Eyes.

People speak about their eyes being fatigued, meaning that the retina, or seeing portion of the brain is fatigued, but such is not the case, as the retina hardly ever gets tired. The fatigue is in the inner and outer muscles attached to the eyeball and the muscle of accommodation, which surrounds the lens of the eye. When a near object is to be looked at, this muscle relaxes and allows the lens to thicken, increasing its refractive power. The inner and outer muscle to which I referred are used in covering the eye on the object to be looked at. It is in these three muscles mentioned that the fatigue is felt, and relief is secured temporarily by closing the eyes or gazing at far distant objects. The usual indication of strain is a redness of the rim of the eyelid, betokening a congested state of the

inner surface, accompanied with some pain. Rest is not the proper remedy for a fatigued eye, but the use of glasses of sufficient power to render unnecessary so much effort to accommodate the eye to vision.—*Scientific American.*

VARIETIES.

"Now, here," said McGargle to his wife, "is Klartown."
"Yes," acquiesced Mrs. McGargle, demurely.
"And here, at this point on the dotted line, is where General Wolsley will disembark his troops for the expedition that is to relieve Gen. Gordon."
"Precisely."
"Then they will move up this dark line, which is the Nile."
"But that's not the Nile," interrupted Mr. McGargle's better half.
"It isn't?" he inquired, glancing.
"Not much. That's the bias."
"The bias!"
"Why, yes, you lunatic. Don't you know that is my diagram pattern for little Johnny's suit?"
"Thunderation! I took it for a war map. I had a war map—supplement form—no five minutes ago. Some folks think they are awful smart," and with this last withering sneer McGargle lounged out after an evening newspaper containing another diagram of the millionaire-coachman embroglio.

INDIAN SQUAW (visiting her daughters at the Indian school): "Who are those two girls you were playing with?"
Indian Pupil: "Their names are Edith and Ellie. They are such nice little girls."
"But, they are white."
"Yes, ma."
"Where do they come from?"
Edith is from Boston and Ellie is from Philadelphia."
"Just as I supposed. How often must I tell you never to associate with such folks!"
"Why, ma, what is the matter with them?"
"The idea of my children—my children—stooping to recognize such creatures! Be more exclusive. Remember you belong to one of the old families."
"But don't they, ma?"
"Of course not. They are mere foreigners whose ancestors came over with Miles Standish and Wm. Penn."

The story is told of a New York messenger boy who brought a dispatch into the private office of a certain great financier and railroad king, and who, while he waited for an answer, leaned on the great man's desk and whistled a lively tune to which he kept time with his feet. The great man was shocked throughout his entire system, and he bent upon the audacious imp a gaze whose severity would have unnerved a police captain; but its only effect upon the unimpaired urchin was to cause him to wink one eye with much unconcern, while he still continued his tune and his shuffle. Then the man said sternly:
"Boy, this is not Harrigan & Hart's!"
To which the unimpaired young rascal replied:
"Well, you bet your life it ain't; I wouldn't pay no half dollar to come in here."

HUSBAND—It looks like rain, my dear. Don't you think we had better take an umbrella?
WIFE—Oh, no; we don't want to be bothered with it.
HUSBAND—You take great chances, my love. WIFE—I know I do. If I were a man I would be a bold speculator. I would never be content; like you, to do an ordinary, humdrum business that would just bring me a living.

(An hour later the couple standing in a narrow doorway with the rain beating fiercely in.)
WIFE—How do I look?
HUSBAND—Very much like a speculator who has lost his money and is sorrowing.

A PARISIAN once remarked to Longfellow that there was one American word that he never could understand, or find in any dictionary.
"What is it?" inquired the poet.
"That's the word," was the reply.
"I never heard of the word," said Longfellow.
Presently a servant came in to replenish the fire. After putting on a little fuel Longfellow remarked to him:
"That will do."
"Ha!" exclaimed the Frenchman, "that is the very word which has troubled me."

WHEN the late Lord Erskine, then going the circuit, was asked by his landlord how he had slept, he replied:
"Union is strength, a fact of which your inmates seem to be unaware; for, had the fleas been unanimous last night they might have pushed me out of bed."
"Please!" exclaimed Boniface, affecting great astonishment, "I was not aware that I had a single one in my house."
"I don't believe you have," retorted his lordship, "they are all married and have uncommonly large families!"

CONFECTIONER—"Remember that all the French candy is in this case."
New Clerk—"How do you get it fresh?"
"Fresh? Why, we make it, of course."
"But I thought French candy was imported."
"O, no; we make it ourselves."
"But then why is it called French candy?"
"Well, I don't know; may be the plaster of Paris does."

At the rehearsal of a new opera the tenor had got altogether wrong. Twenty times he had to repeat a certain passage, without being able to catch the correct rhythm.
"You are completely murdering this poor music!" cried the chef d'orchestre, at last losing patience.
"Better to massacre it once for all," replied the tenor, coolly, "than go on continually beating it, as you do."

CLERGYMAN (on his way home from church, to a of a parishioner, rather addicted to hunting on Sunday):
"My little boy, I didn't see your father at church this morning. I am afraid he does not fear God."

A YOUNG law student in the Southwest went to an old judge to be examined for the bar. After a desultory conversation the Judge remarked:
"Well, young fellow, hang out your shingle and go ahead."
"But you have not examined me."
"Never mind," was the brilliant reply; "if you don't know no law you won't get no practice, so you won't do no harm now."

THE Pereire brothers, bankers in Paris, are Jews. A member of a large stock company fell into a dispute with one of the brothers,

who was likely to get the advantage of him in a large operation. Yexed at his own failure and Pereire's success, the man cried out:
"Do you mean to eat me up?"
"My religion," blandly replied the Jewish banker, "forbids my eating you."
Chaff.

The old man of the sea was an ocean buoy once.
The best thing in the bed of the ocean—The sheet anchor.
People who go to the mountains in the summer enjoy high living.
Never eat soup that has a dead fly in it. Soup that will kill a fly cannot be safe.

Humor may sometimes be likened to honey—when it is the product of little sells.

"You by a bare scratch!" as the hen observed when she turned up the worm.

We don't like to see ladies with very small feet. Ladies should not stand upon trifles.

First lady: "Did Miss Jinks marry well?"
Second lady: "No, not a well, but a beer barrel."

Why is a noisy child in a public meeting like a good resolution? Because it ought to be carried out.

"The bark went down," said the ague patient after he had swallowed a big dose of quinine.

Many a rich man, in bringing up his son, seems ambitious of making what Aaron made—a golden calf.

Stooping over to pick up a fair lady's handkerchief loses its joy when it sacrifices a suspender button.

The N. Y. Herald points a moral by saying "No coachman ever elopes with a poor girl's horse."

A woman aged eighty-five years recently went to a hotel breakfast in a Mother Hubbard dress. This is all right. The original Mother Hubbard was no child.

Belva Lockwood to dressmaker—"Oh, gracious, I don't want such a long train for my dress. I am running for President, you know, and it will be in the way."

A devotee of Bacchus was overheard the other night thus addressing his hat which had fallen from his head, "If I pick you up, I fall; if I fall, you will not pick me up. Then I leave you," and he staggered proudly away.

A Parisian mother-in-law said to her son-in-law, "So you were at the ball last evening, and it was not a month since you lost your wife?"

"That's true," answered the culprit, with a contrite air; "but I beg to remind you that I danced very sadly!"

"Look here. This piece of meat don't suit me. It's from the back of the animal's neck," said an Austin man to a German butcher.

"Wise, friend, all the best meat is from the back of the neck. Dare you nodding but horns in front of dot neck?"

Themstoles, the great Athenian General, being asked whether he would choose to marry his daughter to an indigent man of merit, or to a worthless man with an estate, replied: "I should prefer a man without an estate, to an estate without a man."

A number of city-bred hunters chased a black cat seven miles in this State the other day under the impression that it was a fierce black bear. The farmer who owned the cat made some lurid remarks about donkeys, and he didn't refer to the cat either.

Wife: "My dear, what does the phrase 'straddling a blind man' mean?"
Husband: "It is a Wall Street term for an operation on stocks, quite like riding backwards on a blind horse. The rider does not see where he is going, neither does the horse."

Reading the evening newspaper at the tea-table often brings out the real tendencies of the family. "Hello," said Mr. Job Shuttle, "the Chinese have beaten the French."

"What's the score?" inquired the youth, who neither does the Shuttle family, nor the Chinese.
"The French are half-run over. I guess they'll have a 'bout full."

A farmer sent his boy to the sugar bush to look after the sap buckets; presently the boy returned. "How are they?" asked the farmer.

"Well," the boy replied, "some are half-full, some are full, and some are running over. I guess they'll have a 'bout full."

At a franchise demonstration at Galashiels, Scotland, a few days ago, a man was observed in the process of staggering up to a huge banner, on which was inscribed, "Down with the Peers." On being asked why he was so much opposed to the peers, who had never harmed him, he replied: "I don't know who 'ye sayin' but I wish peers was down to the same price as alpies."

"Did you say that they had a plant in that factory that cost \$50,000?" inquired a Plattsburgh florist, as he condescended to look his hair with fingers. "Elit most sure, and I'll plant 'em in it!"

"Tarnation take me! I always knew these city fellows could tell whoopers," said the fellow who had just sold his plant worth \$50,000, oh Gosh, what a life!"

It is reported in a local paper that the young ladies of Newark, N. J., have entered upon a crusade against tobacco-chewing young men, because it is so unpleasant to be kissed by young men who indulge in this filthy practice. That is all very well, but the filthy practice would not annoy these young ladies if they did not allow themselves to be kissed. Perhaps they had not thought of that.

DURHAM, Iowa, March 3, 1885.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla has cured me of the inflammatory Rheumatism, after being troubled with the disease over eight years.

W. M. MOORE.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

EXCRU

EXCRU is expressive of the most intense pain, and yet, without any of the usual neuralgia, it says it does not express the agony they endure.

CAN THE PAIN BE RELIEVED?

Mr. Benj. F. Congdon, Randolph, N. Y., writes: "I have been suffering from neuralgia for many years, and have tried every remedy, but nothing else gives me such relief from the excruciating pain as EXCRU."

No medicine has ever been produced that has been so successful as EXCRU.

ATHLOPHOROS

ATHLOPHOROS is the most powerful and reliable remedy for rheumatism, neuralgia, and all other forms of pain. It is a pure vegetable preparation, and is entirely free from any of the usual deleterious ingredients of most remedies.

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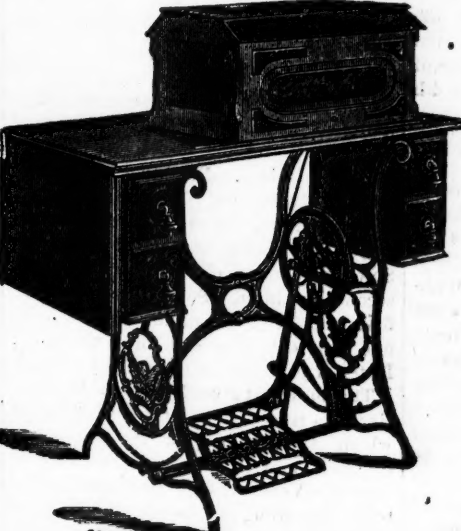
It is a pure vegetable preparation, and is entirely free from any of the usual deleterious ingredients of most remedies.

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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE SINGER SEWING MACHINE.

The "Michigan Farmer" One Year and a Machine For Only \$18.00!



We have made arrangements to have manufactured for us a large number of one of the best Sewing Machines ever in use, which we shall sell at about one-third usual price. Each machine will be nicely finished with a Box Cover, a Drop Leaf Table, and Four Drawers, and will contain a full set of the latest improved attachments. This illustration shows a representation of the Machine we send out.

The cut below represents the "Head" or machine part of the Sewing Machine. All parts are made of gauge exactly, and are constructed of the very finest and best material. It is strong, light, simple and durable. Does to perfection all kinds of sewing and ornamental work that can be done on any machine.

Each machine is thoroughly well made and fitted with the utmost nicety and exactness, and no machine is permitted by the inspectors to go out of the shop until it has been fully tested and proven to do perfect work with as little noise as possible. This machine has a very important improvement in moving the work from the machine.

THE LOOSE BALANCE.

WHEEL is actuated by a solid bolt passing through a collar securely pinned to the shaft outside of the balance wheel, which bolt is firmly held to position by a strong spiral spring. When a bobbin is to be wound, the bolt is pulled out far enough to release the balance wheel and turned slightly to the right or left, where it is held by a stop-pin until the bobbin is filled. Where the machine is liable to be meddled with by children, the bolt can be left out of the wheel when not in use, so that it can not be operated by the treadle.

The Thread Eyelet and the Needle Clamp are made SELF-THREADING, which is a great convenience to the operator.

THE IMPROVED TENSILE and THREAD LIBERATOR combined add greatly to the value of this machine.

ALL THE STANDS HAVE

The New Driving Wheel.

This Driving Wheel is the invention of John D. Lawrence, secured by patent, dated Feb. 7, 1883, and is claimed to be the best device yet invented, being the simplest, easiest running, and most convenient of the many that have been tried. It can be easily adjusted and all wear taken up by turning the center of the wheel. It is the only device operating on a center that does not interfere with other patents. Dealers who wish to sell these machines will appreciate this fact.

The Stands have rollers in legs and the Band Wheels cut, and include the following attachments, etc.: One Johnson's Foot Ruffler, one set of Hemmers, one Foot Hemmer or Friller, one package Needles, six Bobbins, Screw Driver, Can of Oil, Extra Check Spring extra Throat Plate, Gauge Screw, Wrench, Instructions.

Each Machine is Guaranteed as represented and to give satisfaction, or it may be returned and money refunded.

Address all orders to

JOHNSTONE & CIBBONS, Publishers MICHIGAN FARMER, 44 Larned St., West, Detroit, Mich.

NOW IS THE TIME!

BEST AND CHEAPEST.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

Great Improvement in 1885

FULL-SIZE DRESS PATTERNS!

A SUPPLEMENT will be given in every number for 1885 containing a full-size pattern for a lady's or child's dress. Every subscriber will receive during the year one of any of the following, twelve of these patterns, worth five times the subscription price.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE is the best and cheapest of the ladies' books. It gives more for the money, and combines greater merits than any other. But in 1885 it will be greatly improved, though already it has the

(Continued from first page.)

Strawberry by Wiseman (12817), and the red Belle of Clinton bred by same party and having same breeding, showing that the fever has struck him, and a full herd of this majestic breed, rich in beef and milking qualities, will soon be found here. There is no reason to the contrary, for the farm is well adapted for them, the pocket book is deep enough, and they are backed by good judgment. We glance at the head of the herd, the two year old red Squire Mapleton, bred by Wm. Armour, of Duplain. He was sired by Mollie's 4th Duke of Ridgevale, and out of Evangeline 3d, running to imp. Princess by Wellington (684).

A good deal of attention in the vicinity of the thriving town of St. Johns is being given to the breeding of fine horses for road and track purposes. Prominent among this class of men is Geo. G. Whitcomb, who has a well-arranged horse barn in the rear of his private residence and in which we find the standard-bred five-year-old brown stallion Goodson 2757, a natural pacer, with plenty of bone and muscle. He was sired by Smuggler (2455), by Helen by Rydyk's Hambletonian for dam. This union of the blood of the thoroughbred Eclipse and that of Rydyk's Hambletonian in Goodson, through sire and dam, coupled with good size, disposition and gait, should make of him a good trotting horse. Manchester is a brown stallion 15.3 hand's high, was sired by Russell's Fearnaught (2314), dam was a Messenger mare, very fast, and this horse has been driven a half-mile in 1.13 over Mystic Park track, Boston. Parties from a distance, realizing the value of these horses as sires, have sent their mares and in pasture near by we find several standard-bred ones of Clay and Hambletonian stock in foal to them. The nine-year-old bay Carrie B. comes from a pacing family, and shows a 2:30 gait. The four-year-old Clinton Queen, by Louis R., he by Louis Napoleon, is good for 2:30; May Pepper is Kentucky bred, very promising, and shows a 2:45 slashing stride. The three-year-old bay Reville (Little Queen) is an inbred Louis Napoleon, whose dam, Lady Maxam, was sold for \$1,250 to Mr. McGraw, of Bay City. Mr. Whitcomb takes much delight in showing his stock, and as a breeder has been very successful, having made several sales that have added much to his reputation.

At Belding, in Ionia Co., we were met by C. Belden Rich, one of the good general farmers of the town. Though not a farmer by profession (he is a mechanic), he has been running a farm for quite a number of years, having a very fine one with a good house and substantial barns. In stock there are some high grade Short-horns and sheep. His farm is productive, and our visit at his home was a pleasant one, and we regret that our memory fails to remind us more of his stock and surroundings.

Mr. George Ashley, of Belding, has 155 acres of splendid land in his farm, and has worked them well for the 23 years that he has owned them. His land is kept in rich condition, and produces well, while the fences are kept right side up, the large frame house is surrounded by plenty of shade trees, while the owner is a genial, well read and informed man. He is quite a breeder of fine-wooled sheep, the foundation of his large flock being laid in 1875 by the purchase of a party of Vermont bred ewes from Hon. Wm. Ball, and from Forbes & Tottinham, of Vermont. Additions have since been made to the flock by the purchase from the same party of some ewes bred by V. Rich and sired by Banker. The general characteristics of this flock are above the average, and the farns used have been Cicero, bred by F. & L. E. Moore, by Don Pedro, by Woolly 84, by Pony, by Bull Dog; also F. & L. E. Moore 227, by Fortune 478, by Snowflake 277; also Moore's 379, by Centennial; and he has at present Moore's 379, by Snowflake, and Moore's 135 for dams. He purchased at the West Michigan Fair at Grand Rapids, from C. T. Birchard, of Vermont, a ram, well-bred and promising much usefulness. This flock is well worthy the notice of any wishing to buy. In Short-horns the seven year old Ella of Kent (Vol. 17, A. H. B.) was bred by M. B. Hine and got by Gloster 19890 out of Ella 15 by Duke of Wicken 14130, running to imp. Flora by Lafon's Son of Comet. This cow, with the handsome yearling red heifer and the two heifer calves are the beginning of a herd that will one day graze in the rich pastures, while their influence will soon be marked in this vicinity. All breeders, however limited their herds and flocks, have a potent influence in their home circles that is always for good.

ON THE WING.

L. W. & O. Barnes' Stock at the Fairs of 1884.

Prominent among those who have for several years been identified with the stock interests of the State, and whose stock exhibit has been one of the leading features of the State and other fairs, are the Barnes Brothers of Byron, Shiawassee Co. We asked them to give us the number of prizes won this year, and the following is a list:

At the State Fair, Kalamazoo, on thoroughbred American Merinos, they won on rams three years old first and third premium. On ewes three years old or over, second premium. Ewes two years old, third premium. In Class 24, Thoroughbred American Merinos bred and owned in Michigan, ram two years old, second premium. Ram lamb, second premium.

At Western Michigan Fair, Grand Rapids, on thoroughbred American Merinos they won on rams two years old, first and third premium. Ram one year old, third premium. Ram lambs first and second premium. Ewes two years old, first and second premium. Ewe lambs, first and second premium. Best buck and two ewes, diploma.

On Poland-Chinas. Boars two years old and over, first and third premium.

Boar one year old, first premium. Sow one year old, first premium. Pen of pigs, second premium. Best boar and sow of any age, diploma.

At Central Michigan Fair, Lansing Thoroughbred American Merinos. Rams three years old or over, first, second and third premium. Ram two years old, first premium. Rams one year old, second and third premium. Ewes three years old or over, first premium. Ewe two years old, first premium. Ewe lambs, first and third premium. Ram and five of his get, first and second premium.

Poland-Chinas. Boar two years old or over, first premium. Boar one year old, first, second and third premium. Sows two years old or over, first and second premium. Sows one year old, first and third premium. Litter of pigs, first and second premium.

The above list gives Messrs. L. W. & O. Barnes a record at the fairs of 1884, of which they have just reason to feel proud. Their Merinos are recorded in both the Vermont and Michigan Registers. Intending purchasers can find there a supply of good ones, both rams and ewes, and at prices very reasonable.

As an indication of the Barnes Bros' skill as breeders of Poland-Chinas, we wish to mention that of the twenty-nine exhibited at the fairs, all of the prize winners but two were of their own breeding. They keep their stock as breeders in the same condition, nearly, as they show it at the fairs. At the head of the herd stands U. S. A. 4399, assisted by the well bred Boar Black Zack. Both of these boars have proved stock getters of unusual merit. Although the sales from this herd have been large since they started for the fairs, they have a good supply of young stock to spare, that will not only be an ornament in the farm yard, but will do to grace the pens at the fairs next season.

The Lackawanna iron and coal company has just concluded a contract with the Canada Pacific railroad for 10,000 tons of steel rails to be delivered in Canada at \$25.50 per ton. This is believed to be the first contract for steel rails made by any American interest as against English steel rail delivered in Canada.

Veterinary Department

Conducted by Prof. Robert Jennings, late of Philadelphia, Pa., author of "The Horse and His Diseases," "Cattle and Their Diseases," "Sheep, Poultry and Pigs," "Horse Training and Management," etc. Professional advice through the columns of this journal to regular subscribers free. Parties desiring information will be required to send a postal note for \$1.00 per annum in advance. No questions will be answered by mail unless accompanied by a fee of one dollar. The symptoms should be accurately described, how long standing, together with color and age of animal, and what treatment has been used.

Private address, 301 First Street, Detroit.

Antinomycosis, or Big Jaw in Cattle.

As a matter of interest to breeders of neat cattle, and to the community at large, we clip from the veterinary department of the National Stockman, of Pittsburgh, Pa., the following:

For some weeks past the Meat Inspector of this city has been condemning an occasional animal appearing at the Central Stock Yards, affected with "lump jaw." Last week Dr. Jennings was called upon to examine a slaughtered cow, and made a report, from which we extract the following: "The cow was about six years old and in very poor condition. Upon the right facial region was situated a large black cancer, which presented a frightful appearance. Upon making an incision, a joint, the joints being against the following: The cancer was running in all directions, and covering one-half of the upper jaw. The internal organs were clearly affected, and demonstrated the animal's impoverished condition. The disease is known as antinomycosis, and is commonly called 'lump jaw.' It is positively incurable excepting in the very earliest stages of the disease, and is not considered contagious even by inoculation, but is of very malignant character, having a tendency to spread to other parts and to affect the entire system. The disease is almost invariably fatal, and justifies the immediate destruction of the animal afflicted. Of all the diseases among our lower animals, this cancer is the most distressing to witness, and the most hopeless to attend, as all parts of the body are liable to its inroads. The tumor at first is small and hard, having a rough exterior and black appearance. It soon increases in size and by ulceration develops into a running sore. The discharge from the sore, which is quite copious and of a very offensive character, and eventually the animal becomes a victim of blood poisoning. But little is known of this terrible disease, some believing it to have a local or accidental origin, while others attribute it to certain constitutional conditions.

Our readers will recollect the excitement caused in this city last summer by Meat Inspector Lane condemning several head of beef cattle at the Stock Yards as unfit for food. We had not seen these animals, but from the nature of the disease we approved Mr. Lane's action.

From an exhaustive report on this disease to the Chicago Health Commissioner, by W. I. Belfield, M. D., we quote the following: "The five animals examined belonged to different lots which had been shipped from the west. All but one of these animals were in poor condition, hides rough and their bodies much emaciated. Each presented a swelling on the face, the smallest tumor being about the size of an orange (this was the least emaciated animal of the lot), the largest was the size of an average musk melon. In three cases the tumor was connected with the upper jaw, in one with the lower jaw; the fifth was located just below the animal's eye. Upon cutting into the mass it was seen that the greater part of the tumor consisted of hard, white material which looked like cartilage (gristle), and was discovered with the aid of a microscope to be an unusually firm connective tissue. The mass was firmly attached to the bone, so that it was not always easy to distinguish the line of separation between the two. The bone itself was enlarged and very soft, so that it could be readily cut with a strong knife; it was, moreover, honeycombed with channels and cavities containing thick pus. The gritty tissue outside of the bone exhibited cavities having similar contents. This pus, the walls of the cavities, and the surface of the ulcers contained numerous yellow bodies, usually about as large as

a pin's head. My first glance at these bodies raised a suspicion which the microscope soon showed to be well founded. The little yellow masses were groups of a microscopic plant called actinomycetes; the disease caused by their growth in the animal's flesh has been accordingly named actinomycosis. Our knowledge of the true nature of this disease we owe to the Germans. It has long been known in this country as well as in Europe that cattle were often afflicted with tumors upon the face, which gradually increased in size and finally caused the death of the animal. These tumors were supposed to be cancer, sarcoma, tuberculosis, etc., and are still so designated by veterinary surgeons in America. In 1877 Bollinger, royal professor of veterinary medicine in Munich, Bavaria, discovered that these tumors contained large numbers of a microscopic plant which grew not only on the surface but also in the interior of the mass, and permeated the bones. This discovery of Bollinger was soon fully confirmed by extensive observations of cattle by other surgeons. It was found that this particular plant was invariably present in these tumors. Within the past four years it has been discovered that this disease attacks not only cattle and hogs but also the human species; more than thirty cases of actinomycosis in human beings have been already reported by German observers. The disease is contagious; that is, it can be communicated to a healthy animal by contact with one already diseased. That it can be communicated to men by contact with diseased animals has not yet been demonstrated, but is certainly highly probable. Hence, infected beef, unless thoroughly cooked, might possibly convey the disease to man. At any rate until time is allowed for further investigation of the subject, prudence suggests that this meat be avoided."

Congenital Synovitis.

SALINE, Oct. 11, '84.
Veterinary Editor Michigan Farmer.

DEAR SIR:—I have a mare four years old, with a colt, which was foaled eleven months from time of service; it followed the mare the first day, appearing somewhat weak in its stifle; the second morning I found it down trying to get up with stiffness in all its legs. It was very strong during the first week, then for a few days its knees were swollen, apparently filled with a watery fluid, which remained about ten days. I used a liniment composed of alcohol, oil, and scotch, diluted one half with water. When the enlargement left the knees it became strong in its forelegs, then as soon as it began to rise upon its feet, which it did when three weeks old, both stifles enlarged on the forward and inside, with what seemed to be a fluid, extending down the inside of the leg, about the size and thickness of a man's hand, one laid upon the other; it is yet weak in the stifle, but able to raise itself and stand and walk across the stable, but not strong enough to straighten the stifle joint, the joints resting against the body when standing. The colt is well formed, grows well, and is strong except in these joints. About two months after the mare became with foal, she came down with the horse distemper, which she had very severely, she not recovering entirely until spring, yet remaining in fair flesh. What is the cause of this weakness, and what can I do for these weak joints to strengthen them; also what is this fluid about the joints?

Answer.—The disease is evidently synovitis, the possible result of debility in the mare during the period of gestation. The case is one requiring the personal examination and attention of a competent veterinary surgeon.

No Diagnosis.

COURTESY CENTER, Oct. 13, '84.
Veterinary Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

DEAR SIR:—A disease has just been discovered in our cows, I noticed last evening for the first, the symptoms are: Glands badly swollen, also swelling under chops, heavy breathing. I write asking information at once, hoping to get an answer in this week's FARMER. As the disease advances I will give further particulars.

Answer.—The symptoms as given do not justify us in attempting a diagnosis of the disease. It may be acute laryngitis, bronchitis, or some other acute form of disease not recognizable by your description. The disease, whatever it may be, is evidently in an acute form, and will probably run its course rapidly. Under the circumstances we would advise you to lose no time in calling a competent veterinary surgeon to examine and prescribe for them.

Bone Spavin.

FALO, Oct. 10, '84.
Veterinary Editor Michigan Farmer.

DEAR SIR:—Allow me as a subscriber, to ask your advice about my horse, a valuable one, he is 15 years old, color black. Has been lame about one year, with what has proved to be a bone spavin. Can it be cured, and what shall I do for it? He has bilious it once, but did not help much. Can I work him while treating it? Please give your advice and oblige,

C. M. E.

Answer.—It cannot be cured, but may be palliated. Apply a strong blister and turn him out, repeating the application in about a month. By keeping up the action several months, the lameness may be removed, but the disease still remains.

COMMERCIAL.

DETROIT WHOLESALE MARKET.

DETROIT, Oct. 21, 1884.

Flour.—Receipts for the past week, 4,357 bbls. against 4,215 the previous week, and 4,419 bbls. for corresponding week last year. Shipments, 5,624 bbls. Values are unchanged, and there is a fair amount of business doing at current rates. The market, however, even at present low prices, is not firm, as the weak feeling in wheat makes buyers hold off as possible. Quotations yesterday were as follows:

Wheat.—The week has opened with a bearish feeling in wheat, and no desire to engage in speculative trading. For cash wheat there is a fair demand, and yesterday 800 car loads were sold, while 50,000 bu. of futures comprised the day's speculative business. It would hardly seem possible for values to shrink any lower than they are

at present, but so long as farmers sell as freely as at present we do not see how the market is to improve. Closing prices were as follows: No. 1, 70¢; No. 2, 68¢; No. 3, 66¢; No. 4, 64¢. In future closing prices: No. 1, 70¢; No. 2, 68¢; No. 3, 66¢; No. 4, 64¢. No. 1 white, October, 70¢; November, 70¢; December, 70¢; No. 2 white, October, 68¢; November, 68¢; December, 68¢; No. 3 white, October, 66¢; November, 66¢; December, 66¢; No. 4 white, October, 64¢; November, 64¢; December, 64¢.

Corn.—Dull and neglected. No. 2 would be dull at 38¢; one car-load of high mixed was sold yesterday at 38¢, and one car-load of rejected at 30¢.

Oats.—Values slightly lower. No. 2 white 28¢. No. 3 white, 27¢; light mixed, 26¢.

Barley.—In fair demand at 25¢ and 35¢ per cental. Western brings about the same figure, and the Canada is quoted at 21¢ and 70¢ per cental. The Chicago market is quoted dull at 50¢ per bu. for No. 2.

Rye.—No. 2 is quoted at 50¢ per bu., and rejected at 45¢.

Feed.—Tons, 121 00/100 25 per cent. Middlings are nominal at about 121 00/100 25 per cent. and 121 00/100 25 per cent.

Corn-meal.—Quiet and steady at 22¢ per ton for coarse and 23¢ for fine.

Wheat-meal.—Very quiet and unsettled. Choice eastern about 37¢ per bu.; in bulk about 35¢ per 100 lbs.

Butter.—Quiet, but with a scarcity of good table butter, and 40¢ is paid for stock of that description. Creamery is firm at 28¢ per lb. Ordinary stock is dull at 15¢ per lb.

Cheese.—Market steady and firm. Full cream State ranges at about 12¢ and 13¢ per lb. Part skims are selling at 10¢; Ohio full creams at 11¢ and 12¢.

Eggs.—In limited supply, and quoted at 15¢ per doz.

Honey.—Market dull at 14¢ per lb., the latter price for fine white comb. Strained, 13¢.

Beeswax.—Scarce and firm at 38¢ and 40¢ in stock, and 35¢ from first hands.

Onions.—Quiet and steady. Quotations are 1¢ 40/100 45 per bu.

Potatoes.—Demand limited and 30¢ per car-load is about all that can be realized. Farmers realize 25¢ per bu. for small lots on the street.

Small Fruits.—Grapes in light supply at 6¢ per lb. for Concord, and 7¢ for Catawbas. Cranberries are offering at 24¢ and 25¢ per crate or 11¢ and 12¢ per bu.

Apples.—The market is poorly supplied with good apples. Choice fruit is quoted at 75¢ for fall, and 1¢ 00/100 25 for winter stock.

Wool.—Stocks though not yet fully equal in the wants of the market; the latter are light; best varieties are offered at 60¢ per bu., and at 2¢ 00/100 25 per bushel.

Quinces.—Receipts and demand have both improved, and the market is well supplied at 2¢ per bu., or 20¢ per bu.

Peaches.—A few are coming in, and sell at 1¢ 00/100 25 per bu.

Cabbages.—In fair supply at 30¢ and 35¢ per 100.

Poultry.—Live young fowls common 10¢ per lb. by the coop; old fowls would be dull at 8¢. Not much dressed poultry is offered, but it sells at 12¢ and 14¢ per lb.

Hay.—Baled hay is worth 12¢ and 14¢ per ton, according to quality.

Clover Seed.—Market quiet; for November delivery seeds were made at 45¢ per bu., and spot at 45¢. In Chicago it is quoted at 47¢ 50¢ per bu. for spot.

Timothy Seed.—Market quiet at 1¢ 50/100 25 for choice.

Beans.—Quiet at 1¢ 30/100 40 for picked, and 1¢ 00/100 25 for unpicked.

Peas.—Quiet. Packers report a quiet market at unchanged prices. Values are very steady. Quotations in this market are as follows:

Meal, new, 18 00 @ 18 25
Family do, 18 25 @ 18 50
Clear do, 18 50 @ 19 00
Buckwheat, 18 50 @ 19 00
Lard in kegs, per lb., 8 25 @ 8 50
Hams, per lb., 13 25 @ 14 00
Cured hams, per lb., 8 25 @ 8 50
Choice bacon, per lb., 11 25 @ 11 50
Dried beef, per lb., 10 50 @ 11 00
Tallow, per lb., 6 25 @ 6 50
Dried pork, per lb., 13 25 @ 13 50

Hay.—The following is a record of the sales at the Michigan Avenue scales for the past week:

Monday.—34 loads: Eight at \$15; five at \$16; four at \$17; three at \$18; two at \$19; two at \$20; one at \$21; one at \$22; one at \$23; one at \$24; one at \$25; one at \$26; one at \$27; one at \$28; one at \$29; one at \$30; one at \$31; one at \$32; one at \$33; one at \$34; one at \$35; one at \$36; one at \$37; one at \$38; one at \$39; one at \$40; one at \$41; one at \$42; one at \$43; one at \$44; one at \$45; one at \$46; one at \$47; one at \$48; one at \$49; one at \$50; one at \$51; one at \$52; one at \$53; one at \$54; one at \$55; one at \$56; one at \$57; one at \$58; one at \$59; one at \$60; one at \$61; one at \$62; one at \$63; one at \$64; one at \$65; one at \$66; one at \$67; one at \$68; one at \$69; one at \$70; one at \$71; one at \$72; one at \$73; one at \$74; one at \$75; one at \$76; one at \$77; one at \$78; one at \$79; one at \$80; one at \$81; one at \$82; one at \$83; one at \$84; one at \$85; one at \$86; one at \$87; one at \$88; one at \$89; one at \$90; one at \$91; one at \$92; one at \$93; one at \$94; one at \$95; one at \$96; one at \$97; one at \$98; one at \$99; one at \$100; one at \$101; one at \$102; one at \$103; one at \$104; one at \$105; one at \$106; one at \$107; one at \$108; one at \$109; one at \$110; one at \$111; one at \$112; one at \$113; one at \$114; one at \$115; one at \$116; one at \$117; one at \$118; one at \$119; one at \$120; one at \$121; one at \$122; one at \$123; one at \$124; one at \$125; one at \$126; one at \$127; one at \$128; one at \$129; one at \$130; one at \$131; one at \$132; one at \$133; one at \$134; one at \$135; one at \$136; one at \$137; one at \$138; one at \$139; one at \$140; one at \$141; one at \$142; one at \$143; one at \$144; one at \$145; one at \$146; one at \$147; one at \$148; one at \$149; one at \$150; one at \$151; one at \$152; one at \$153; one at \$154; one at \$155; one at \$156; one at \$157; one at \$158; one at \$159; one at \$160; one at \$161; one at \$162; one at \$163; one at \$164; one at \$165; one at \$166; one at \$167; one at \$168; one at \$169; one at \$170; one at \$171; one at \$172; one at \$173; one at \$174; one at \$175; one at \$176; one at \$177; one at \$178; one at \$179; one at \$180; one at \$181; one at \$182; one at \$183; one at \$184; one at \$185; one at \$186; one at \$187; one at \$188; one at \$189; one at \$190; one at \$191; one at \$192; one at \$193; one at \$194; one at \$195; one at \$196; one at \$197; one at \$198; one at \$199; one at \$200; one at \$201; one at \$202; one at \$203; one at \$204; one at \$205; one at \$206; one at \$207; one at \$208; one at \$209; one at \$210; one at \$211; one at \$212; one at \$213; one at \$214; one at \$215; one at \$216; one at \$217; one at \$218; one at \$219; one at \$220; one at \$221; one at \$222; one at \$223; one at \$224; one at \$225; one at \$226; one at \$227; one at \$228; one at \$229; one at \$230; one at \$231; one at \$232; one at \$233; one at \$234; one at \$235; one at \$236; one at \$237; one at \$238; one at \$239; one at \$240; one at \$241; one at \$242; one at \$243; one at \$244; one at \$245; one at \$246; one at \$247; one at \$248; one at \$249; one at \$250; one at \$251; one at \$252; one at \$253; one at \$254; one at \$255; one at \$256; one at \$257; one at \$258; one at \$259; one at \$260; one at \$261; one at \$262; one at \$263; one at \$264; one at \$265; one at \$266; one at \$267; one at \$268; one at \$269; one at \$270; one at \$271; one at \$272; one at \$273; one at \$274; one at \$275; one at \$276; one at \$277; one at \$278; one at \$279; one at \$280; one at \$281; one at \$282; one at \$283; one at \$284; one at \$285; one at \$286; one at \$287; one at \$288; one at \$289; one at \$290; one at \$291; one at \$292; one at \$293; one at \$294; one at \$295; one at \$296; one at \$297; one at \$298; one at \$299; one at \$300; one at \$301; one at \$302; one at \$303; one at \$304; one at \$305; one at \$306; one at \$307; one at \$308; one at \$309; one at \$310; one at \$311; one at \$312; one at \$313; one at \$314; one at \$315; one at \$316; one at \$317; one at \$318; one at \$319; one at \$320; one at \$321; one at \$322; one at \$323; one at \$324; one at \$325; one at \$326; one at \$327; one at \$328; one at \$329; one at \$330; one at \$331; one at \$332; one at \$333; one at \$334; one at \$335; one at \$336; one at \$337; one at \$338; one at \$339; one at \$340; one at \$341; one at \$342; one at \$343; one at \$344; one at \$345; one at \$346; one at \$347; one at \$348; one at \$349; one at \$350; one at \$351; one at \$352; one at \$353; one at \$354; one at \$355; one at \$356; one at \$357; one at \$358; one at \$359; one at \$360; one at \$361; one at \$362; one at \$363; one at \$364; one at \$365; one at \$366; one at \$367; one at \$368; one at \$369; one at \$370; one at \$371; one at \$372; one at \$373; one at \$374; one at \$375; one at \$376; one at \$377; one at \$378; one at \$379; one at \$380; one at \$381; one at \$382; one at \$383; one at \$384; one at \$385; one at \$386; one at \$387; one at \$388; one at \$389; one at \$390; one at \$391; one at \$392; one at \$393; one at \$394; one at \$395; one at \$396; one at \$397; one at \$398; one at \$399; one at \$400; one at \$401; one at \$402; one at \$403; one at \$404; one at \$405; one at \$406; one at \$407; one at \$408; one at \$409; one at \$410; one at \$411; one at \$412; one at \$413; one at \$414; one at \$415; one at \$416; one at \$417; one at \$418; one at \$419; one at \$420; one at \$421; one at \$422; one at \$423; one at \$424; one at \$425; one at \$426; one at \$427; one at \$428; one at \$429; one at \$430; one at \$431; one at \$432; one at \$433; one at \$434; one at \$435; one at \$436; one at \$437; one at \$438; one at \$439; one at \$440; one at \$441; one at \$442; one at \$443; one at \$444; one at \$445; one at \$446; one at \$447; one at \$448; one at \$449; one at \$450; one at \$451; one at \$452; one at \$453; one at \$454; one at \$455; one at \$456; one at \$457; one at \$458; one at \$459; one at \$460; one at \$461; one at \$462; one at \$463; one at \$464; one at \$465; one at \$466; one at \$467; one at \$468; one at \$469; one at \$470; one at \$471; one at \$472; one at \$473; one at \$474; one at \$475; one at \$476; one at \$477; one at \$478; one at \$479; one at \$480; one at \$481; one at \$482; one at \$483; one at \$484; one at \$485; one at \$486; one at \$487; one at \$488; one at \$489; one at \$490; one at \$491; one at \$492; one at \$493; one at \$494; one at \$495; one at \$496; one at \$497; one at \$498; one at \$499; one at \$500; one at \$501; one at \$502; one at \$503; one at \$504; one at \$505; one at \$506; one at \$507; one at \$508; one at \$509; one at \$510; one at \$511; one at \$512; one at \$513; one at \$514; one at \$515; one at \$516; one at \$517; one at \$518; one at \$519; one at \$520; one at \$521; one at \$522; one at \$523; one at \$524; one at \$525; one at \$526; one at \$527; one at \$528; one at \$529; one at \$530; one at \$531; one at \$532; one at \$533; one at \$534; one at \$535; one at \$536; one at \$537; one at \$538; one at \$539; one at \$540; one at \$541; one at \$542; one at \$543; one at \$544; one at \$545; one at \$546; one at \$547; one at \$548; one at \$549; one at \$550; one at \$551; one at \$552; one at \$553; one at \$554; one at \$555; one at \$556; one at \$557; one at \$558; one at \$559; one at \$560; one at \$561; one at \$562; one at \$563; one at \$564; one at \$565; one at \$566; one at \$567; one at \$568; one at \$569; one at \$570; one at \$571; one at \$572; one at \$573; one at \$574; one at \$575; one at \$576; one at \$577; one at \$578; one at \$579; one at \$580; one at \$581; one at \$582; one at \$583; one at \$584; one at \$585; one at \$586; one at \$587; one at \$588; one at \$589; one at \$590; one at \$591; one at \$592; one at \$593; one at \$594; one at \$595; one at \$596; one at \$597; one at \$598; one at \$599; one at \$600; one at \$601; one at \$602; one at \$603; one at \$604; one at